

The Reader's Digest

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Number 31

NOVEMBER NINETEEN TWENTY-FOUR

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NOVEMBER 1924

Serial No. 31

The Lip-Lazy American

Condensed from The Century Magazine (August '24)

Edward W. Bok

SUPPOSE a boy has the desire to make something of his life. He naturally feels that his first step to success is to excel at school. But who will teach him *how to study?* Not *what* to study, but *how to study?* And even when he does learn *what* to study without being told *how* to study it, who will teach him *how to tell others intelligently what he has learned—how to tell it so that others can understand what he says?* Who will teach him to open his lips when he recites? Who will teach him to enunciate clearly, to pronounce his words fully and distinctly? Who will teach him *how to put the emphasis on the right word?* "Oh," is the blithe answer, "the teachers teach that." The teachers? How can they teach an art in which they are never trained and are themselves almost totally deficient? How many teachers speak distinctly? And if they teach distinct pronunciation and clear enunciation, as some claim, why is it that the American is the lip-lazyest person in the world?

"But do you consider that part of an education?" an educator once asked me. Are we not told that education is supposed to fit the young for life?

"Show me how to study," said a boy to his instructor, "and I'll learn whatever you put before me."

"Ah, my boy," came the enlightening answer, "that's exactly the thing for you to learn." This is the point of view held by the average instructor of our future men and women: they are told *what to learn*, but not *how to learn it*.

I attended an important educational conference in Washington, and during the four days that a friend and I listened to some thirty-odd speakers from the platform and the floor, we decided that not half a dozen could be clearly understood. Yet the speakers included some of the principal educators in the country. The hall was small, the acoustics seemed excellent, and yet here were a company of men and women engaged in the important field of education who spoke so indistinctly as to make what they said inaudible to one-half of their audience. It was significant, too, that the only speaker, a woman, to whom it was a pleasure to listen for her clear enunciation, was an Englishwoman. Go to any play with an English cast of actors, observe the clear and full value which they give to each word spoken, and then listen to the lines of a

play spoken by American actors. The contrast is like the force of a blow.

An interesting incident happened at the premiere of a well known play. The leading part was taken by an actor notorious for "mouthing" his words, and his co-star, an actress of some repute, was equally famous for her lack of clear enunciation. The first act of the play had not proceeded for more than 15 minutes when, suddenly, in the fifth row from the front, a man of distinguished appearance, who turned out to be a well known member of the bar, arose, and in a well modulated voice said:

"Excuse me for interrupting you, Mr. _____, but I think you should know that scarcely any one in the audience, I believe, can understand what Miss _____ and you are saying. Will you not make it possible for us to enjoy the play?"

The actor flushed, and then he proceeded to give a tongue-lashing to his critic for his impertinence. The curtain was rung down, and some hundred or more of the men in the audience went out into the lobby, sought the manager of the play, and told him they all agreed with the auditor who had shown the courage to rise and speak their thoughts, and that if the lines could not be better spoken, they would demand the money for their tickets and leave the theatre. To their surprise, the manager said he heartily agreed with the patrons, and that he was on his way "back stage" so to inform the two principals of the stage; that he himself had been able to understand scarcely a word spoken.

After a few minutes, the curtain was rung up, the two principals bowed their thanks to the audience, and the first act was replayed. So carefully did the two actors speak their lines that they received an ovation, and the play became one of the successes of the season.

The rebuke should have been unnecessary. There should be more and better American schools of acting where our actors should be

taught clear speaking and distinct enunciation, as is the practice in England. The stage is a powerful educational influence, and could be a great factor in its influence upon the manner in which we as a people should speak.

We fail to see the value of distinct speaking, or, if we do, we certainly take no pains to see to it that it is taught to our children. And the fault is with us who are elders. It is curious that the American man, with his perceptions always alive to assets, has not sensed the value of a trained speaking voice. There are few possessions more of an asset than the ability to speak distinctly and to know where to put the emphasis, whether a man is a salesman or an executive anxious to make his points effective in speaking to a business conference, or before a public audience. It is one of the most valuable "selling" qualities a man can possess, whether he is selling a bill of merchandise or making a point in argument. Nothing is of equal value to the lawyer impressing a jury or bench, it is the chief asset of the preacher, it is invaluable to the statesman, it is the instrument of success with the public speaker. Yet apparently we pay not the slightest attention to the almost complete absence of a study of the subject in our schools and colleges, save in two or three colleges, and permit generation after generation to inherit our national lip-laziness. We are known in other countries for our slurring speech and carelessness of pronunciation, and yet an era of international relations faces our children for which we should equip them with all the natural qualities necessary for their greatest efficiency.

The place to begin is, naturally, in the home, but home training should be supplemented by the school and the college. "How well he speaks!" should not be the occasional surprised comment; it should be, as it can be, the nationally accepted hall-mark of the American.

The Truth About the Newspapers

Condensed from *The World's Work* (September '24)

Carl C. Dickey

IN one of his essays, Charles Dudley Warner recalled the old Chinese philosopher who committed suicide about 2,000 B. C. because he feared that the "good old days" would never come again. "The poor present alone has no friends," said Mr. Warner in another essay, and that is true of the poor present in the history of journalism as it is true of few other fields.

Yet if the decade just closing has not been in every respect a golden age in American journalism, there are no golden ages. Its achievements in the presentation of news are unsurpassed. Its scope of service to the reading public has expanded as never before. Standards of ethics are unquestionably higher. And when we come to the question of clean advertising, there is no argument. Of course, I do not say that American journalism does not have its "rot spots," its corners where ideals are debauched, where influence is sold, where news is twisted and distorted, and where newspapers have no souls.

Most of those who lament the "waning power of the press" compare our papers with those of the era of Greeley, Raymond, Dana, McCullagh, Halstead, Medill, and Waterson. Yet theirs was a day of "personal journalism," and I have not been able to find an editor anywhere who longs for the return of that "personal journalism," which was partisan, biased, prejudiced journalism, serving parties and political creeds.

The power and influence of the press as a whole has not decreased. The press has merely changed its course and is now exerting its influence in a more calm, detached,

and impartial manner. It is trying less to force its own opinions and policies upon its readers than in the days of Greeley and the personal journalists, and is seeking more and more to mould a sounder public opinion by printing the news and views on both sides of political and governmental questions and then seeking to give its own interpretations.

The newspaper has its influence in politics today, not by any rabid display of partisanship, but rather by its reputation for impartiality, fairness, and independence, in its study of partisan problems, issues, and candidates. An editor today weakens the power of his own words and decreases the desirability of his newspaper among the general reading public, if he permits his attitude at any time to show that he is not interested in presenting the whole truth, but is more concerned with advancing some special cause.

The average citizen likes to believe that he is an independent thinker, whether he is or not, and the whole trend of public education has been to lead students to sources. The average citizen likes to read the speech of the politician and conceive what he believes to be an independent opinion; he distrusts the oracular utterance of an editor, and if we must have an example of this we may recall the signed editorials so often printed on the first pages of his newspapers by Frank A. Munsey, who is a Republican politician before he is a newspaper publisher and who retains only two of the 16 papers he has owned in the last 25 years. Those who seek to influence public opinion for their own aims are rapidly recognizing that it is futile and expensive to try to buy or control

newspapers or editorial opinion.

Many victories in municipal elections in the larger cities in recent years, in the face of a hostile press, have been cited as proof of a decrease in editorial influence upon politics, but the influence of the press was no more potent in municipal affairs 50 years ago than it is now. Only by the exposé or the crusade, which is nothing more nor less than a series of news stories dealing with the sins of individuals or groups, has the newspaper of this or any other period in journalism been able to exert any great influence on municipal politics. There are plenty of examples of this exposé type of story to show that in that field modern newspapers hold their power and influence.

Casper S. Yost, President of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, and chief editorial writer of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, summarizes the trends of journalism at present:

Toward greater independence.
Toward accuracy and fairness in the news.

Toward fairness and moderation in editorial comment.

Toward development of a greater sense of public responsibility.

Toward dedication to public service.

That summary covers the newspapers of the larger cities, and it covers many, but not all, of the newspapers in the smaller towns, many of which are still political organs and will change only in the process of evolution now going on in American journalism.

The great newspapers print the news of both parties, most of the time without prejudice or bias, though not always. Certainly they have progressed a long way since the days of Greeley. Thirty-three years ago a young publisher from a small Southern city sounded the keynote of the new order of journalism in a speech before the National Editorial Association, when he said:

A journal, being a fearless purveyor, and, when needed, an equally fearless interpreter of the news, is the newspaper

of the future. The day of the organ is rapidly passing. The people more and more demand the paper that prints the history of each day without fear of consequences, the favoring of special theories, or the promotion of special interests. The duty of the editor is to give his patrons the facts, and attempt nothing with reference thereto beyond assisting to a clearer understanding of the same.

This young publisher, Adolph S. Ochs, a few years later moved to New York, and one of the services of the New York *Times* to American journalism has been its success in showing that a great newspaper should present the political news of all the parties without prejudice or bias, no matter what the opinions expressed in the editorial columns. In the few days preceding the Ochs ownership, William Jennings Bryan had been described in the news columns as the "gifted blatherskite from Nebraska." Such epithets vanished under the Ochs management. The most rabid partisan journal in the country today would hesitate at using epithet in its news columns; the Hearst newspapers do, as well as the scurrilous *Denver Post*, but few others of any pretensions ever resort to epithet even in their editorial columns.

One by one the party organs are vanishing, or becoming less vehement in their praise and denunciation. A younger generation of editors is rising, many of them from schools of journalism, who are anxious to make their newspapers independent. They are supplanting the old school of editors who followed the Greeley style because it was successful in its era. Political patronage and county printing caused much of the partisanship in the "good old days," but now politicians are beginning to see the advantage of using the papers of other parties for their advertising. The result is that even the rural press is dropping partisanship; the editors are striving to make real, independent newspapers.

The Three Pillars of Society

Condensed from The Century Magazine (August '24)

Glenn Frank, Editor of The Century Magazine

TO man as an animal, food, clothing, and shelter may seem to be the most important things in the world; but to man as an intellectual and social being, the three most important things in life are education, religion and politics.

I dislike to speak of education, religion, and politics as if they were three distinct fields. They are, or should be, an indivisible unity. Isolate any one of them from the other two, and it is orphaned and ineffective. Certainly it is bad logic and a betrayal of life to separate education and religion. And certainly we may add, I think, that politics when divorced from education and religion becomes a poor and petty thing. The statesman is more than a juggler of post-office appointments. When he rises to the nobler conception of politics, the statesman is the impresario of the collective life of the people. He gives voice to their inarticulate aspirations. He lures all the specialisms of scholars and preachers, bankers and business men, labor leaders and farmers, out of their air-tight compartments and welds them into a fighting fraternity for the common good. The professor, the parson, and the politician are at work on the same job, not on three separate jobs. And that job is the achievement of "the good life" for the citizen and for the nation. Times come when only out of a clash between university and church and state can corrected vision and creative policy arise. But even in these hours of necessary opposition, university and church and state are engaged in a common task.

I want to suggest that today out of these three fields are coming three challenges, three challenges

that the men and women of Western civilization must meet if we are to change the twilight of a new dark ages into the dawn of a new Renaissance.

First, is the challenge to make the university free. The success or failure of the democratic experiment on this continent will ultimately be decided in our schools. To quote Dr. L. P. Jacks, "If the battle of civilization is lost in the schools, who is going to win it afterwards? If the whole community is set wrong in its education, what chances have the clergy to set it right from the pulpit? What are the chances of legislation? To begin by starting the community on the wrong road, in the plastic period, and then, when it is grown up, to send out the parson and the policeman to bring it back —what fool's enterprise could compare with that?"

But the mere existence of magnificently housed and largely attended universities in a democracy is no guaranty that reason and right will determine its policies and dictate its actions. Democracy may be stabbed to death in its universities. Everything depends upon the kind of universities a democracy develops. Universities that teach their students *what* to think are a danger to a democracy. Universities that teach their students *how* to think and then trust them to decide what to think from year to year in a growing world are democracy's one indispensable safeguard. The university is not a retail store dealing in facts; the university is a temporary retreat from the world where young men and young women may breathe the air of freedom and achieve emancipation from the obsolete dogmas, the unworthy loyalties, the irrational

inhibitions, the tribal conformities, and the cowardly cautions that crush and kill the uneducated mind.

We think we are grown up. We dislike to admit that in our off-guard moments we act from animal motives or savage motives or childish motives. But we do. We do whenever we blindly follow our uncivilized instincts, appetites, and passions instead of holding a tight rein of intelligence over their backs and guiding them to good ends. We do whenever we lazily refuse to think for ourselves and weakly surrender our minds, our standards, and our votes to whatever our social set, our religious sect, or our political party demands. For the savage was the original stand-patter. Whatever the tribe decided, he did. It was not safe to differ from the majority among savages. And the temptation is still strong to let "the tribe" do our thinking for us.

Obviously, the university cannot emancipate the minds of its students unless it is itself free from the sins and surrenders that mark the common mind. Trying to run a democracy with a set of changeless doctrines instead of with courageous and creative minds is like sending a child into life equipped with book maxims instead of character. I repeat that if the university attempts to safeguard popular thought by teaching its students what to think instead of how to think, the university becomes the betrayer instead of the savior of democracy. . . .

Second, is the challenge to make the church pacific. The church as a distinctive institution professing to represent the religion of Jesus can not, in my judgment, survive many more surrenders to war psychology. In all the nations involved in the World War the church followed the lead of the state. When it became a question of following Jesus or the generals, the church in the main followed the generals. Christian churches, reared as temples of a gospel of peace and love, became hate factories, while American min-

isters of God, in instance after instance, with flawless efficiency aped the kaiser in his theatrical calling down of God's wrath upon his enemies. I am not thinking about the rightness of American war aims or the wrongness of German war aims; I am thinking solely of the fact that in the World War and in all wars, the church everywhere tended to adjourn its real gospel during wartime, to surrender to the infection of the shabby and sordid epidemic of hate.

And yet, believing all this, I do not suggest that the church demand that its members become uncompromising non-resistants. I suggest simply that the church, as an organization, refuse in the future to give its official sanction or blessing to any war, and that the church refuse to lend its pulpits and its ministry to any war service other than acts of mercy to enemy and ally alike, leaving its individual members free to follow their own consciences. Anything less will, it seems to me, sooner or later make the church simply one of our social institutions, preaching a high-minded ethics whenever it can do so without running counter to the dominant mood of the state. . . .

Third, is the challenge to make the state realistic.

In suggesting that the church boycott war, am I to be understood as suggesting that the American state should adopt a pacifist policy of non-resistance, sink its navy, disband its army, and become a martyr nation if attacked? I mean nothing of the kind.

If I were a bishop, priest, or pastor, I should refuse to take any part in any war, save in acts of mercy to enemy and ally alike, unless I first unfrocked myself. If I could prevent it, I should not allow my church to take any official part in any war, save in acts of mercy to enemy and ally alike. If it did, I should withdraw from any position of leadership in it.

If I were the responsible head of
(Continued on page 394)

Why Lie?

Condensed from *The Bookman* (October '24)

Mrs. Joseph Conrad

I HAVE often wondered what satisfaction people get from that fictitious form of lying. Such as, for instance, claiming an intimate acquaintance with some person more or less in the public eye at the moment.

Once it was my unique experience to overhear a most romantic version of my own husband's life and habits, related with every appearance of truth and complete conviction. It happened that I traveled down from town unattended by either my husband or the boys. Upon my return, as we drew out of Charing Cross, I glanced across at my fellow travelers, two ladies no longer in their first youth. After favoring me with that appraising glance which seems to price your garments and at the same time intimate how very insignificant a person you are really, they turned their gaze away and resumed their animated discussion. I in my turn, completely uninterested, subsided in my corner and watched the countryside slipping past the carriage windows with restful interest.

We had just cleared the outskirts of London when the mention of my husband's name arrested my attention and I heard one of my fellow travelers asserting that he was known to her intimately. The next moment I heard the rather shrill voice declaring that the man to whom I had then been married for nearly twenty years was still a bachelor. "Yes, dear," the voice continued. "You remember the time when I was staying with Lady Milne; I met him there. There was even . . ." She lowered her voice and there followed a whispered confidence too low to be audible to me. "But Agnes, my dear," interrupted

the other, "isn't that a trifle indiscreet of you? He's a foreigner, he may have a wife in his own country."

"Oh, as to that I can assure you it's perfectly safe. I was reading only a few days ago that he left his country when he was only seventeen and hasn't been back since. He's a most charming man. I am simply devoted to him."

I listened, appalled, to the tissue of lies that flowed. The good lady, now fairly embarked on the tale of her conquest of my husband, began to enlarge freely; but as she mentioned dates in order to convince her friend, I knew her statements to be a parcel of lies. I was wondering how on earth I could proclaim myself with any show of truth, for I felt a passionate desire to speak out before I left the carriage.

The train slowed down and I had a sudden brain wave. I would manage to make the train official address me by name. I knew my husband would be at the station to meet me, and I knew that, owing to a recent attack of gout, he would not leave the car. I was also perfectly certain that some official would be told off to assist me from the train. And as I had foreseen, the official did greet me, but with a cheerful "Good morning, ma'am," without the prefix of my name. For a moment I was stumped, then I questioned: "Is my car here, do you know?"

"Oh yes, Mrs. Conrad, and Mr. Conrad is here too."

This was all I wanted. With what I hope was becoming dignity, I turned to the lady who I noticed was looking a trifled confused, and remarked quietly, "Madam, I am Mrs. Joseph Conrad!"

(Continued from page 392)
the American state, I should see to it, if I could, that the American navy and the American army were adequately equipped for the sure defense of the nation. But, even as the responsible head of the state, I should want the church to hold to its official boycott of war. I should take this seemingly contradictory position for two reasons.

First, I would have no fear that such boycott would rob the state of adequate defense power. Certainly the world is facile enough in its surrender to war-cries. The task of this generation is not to cultivate a willingness to fight, but to build dams against the almost irresistible habit of combat that has come so near wrecking Western civilization. For years to come we need have no fear that the state will lack soldiers.

Second, I think I should realize, as head of the state, that politics is bankrupt in the face of the problem of war and peace. I see no hope for the conquest of war at the hands of the politicians alone. Statesmanship, the world over, has largely ceased to inspire and lead the mind of the world. Politics has become largely a game of futilities played in the suburbs of the real forces that make and mar human life. Machinery will never alone save the world from war. The mind of the world must be changed. As head of the state, I should realize that the state might suffer defeat in war if its army and navy were not kept in adequate preparation, but I should also realize that the state will also go down unless war itself is conquered. And for this reason I should like to see the church make the great and dramatic gesture of an uncompromising official boycott of all war in the hope that it might exert an educational influence toward changing the mind of the world.

The realistic state is society's organ of compromise. In this imperfect world, we may be forced now and again to do what in our hearts

we know is contrary to the religion we profess, as when we go out and kill in defense of the state; but if any such compromise must be made with an imperfect world, it is the business of the state to make it. Compromise is not the business of either the church or the university. University and the church must give to politics the raw materials of politics. The university must give to politics pure thought. The church must give to politics uncompromising ideals. Never fear but that the state will pull these pure thoughts and uncompromising ideals down low enough to insure the physical safety of the state. The trouble today is that both university and church try to effect a compromise between their thoughts and ideals and what we often so falsely call the "practical" demands of our common life. The result is that the contributions of university and church are pulled down and down from their original purity and power long before they fall into the hands of the state. And then the politician, who has been suckled at the breasts of compromise, pulls them still further down before he uses them. And the final result is the low state of modern politics.

The moment either university or church becomes concerned with the political task of compromise, the intellectual and moral reservoirs of politics are drained.

With free universities producing the corrective radicalism of scientific truth, with pacific churches dramatically holding the mind of the world to the life-and-death necessity of conquering war, and with realistic states bridging the gap between pure thought and unadulterated idealism, on the one hand, and the enforced necessities of "practical politics" in an imperfect world, on the other, we may look with some confidence to the future.

The New Preparedness

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly* (October '24)

Samuel Taylor Moore

MEN can be trained for war much faster than they can be equipped for war. It is little short of murder for a nation to put into the field ill-supplied troops. In the World War thousands of lives and billions of money were tossed into the abyss that stretched between ready men and tardy munitions. If the industrial-preparedness plan of the Army and Navy functions as well as it appears on paper, never again will the United States be guilty of this appalling waste.

The student officers of the new Army Industrial College at Washington con production charts with the same zeal that their brother officers at the War College study campaign maps. Their training is to fit them to direct the marshaling of the nation's economic resources. The foundation of this plan consists of approximately 10,000 allocations to manufacturers for the production of essential supplies. Over 6,000 plants have been allocated so far. It is expected that a contract form will be distributed to these manufacturers so that at the outbreak of a major emergency it would merely be necessary to sign "on the dotted line."

The basis of action is, of course, the modern paraphrase of the Napoleonic maxim: Heaven fights on the side of the most complete supply train. But a second important maxim is: Heaven fights on the side of the less distressed populace. A novel element in the Army's present point of view is that not again, if the Army can help it, will war needs send prices soaring in open markets or force manufacturers to drastic changes in plant-equipment. Another conflict will find the production facilities of the United States

carefully card-indexed. Available reserve stocks are tabulated. From the very outset of war, supplies will be kept moving in orderly progression from factories and loading-docks, from forest, field, and mine, to military depots.

Distributing though this solution may seem to many minds, let it be balanced against its alternative. The alternative is a situation approaching chaos, in which profiteers thrive, numbers die of no purpose, public funds vanish in a sea of waste, and a public partly overworked and overpaid and partly underworked and underpaid thrills to the lurid promises of social revolutionaries. In such emergencies the choice is not often between war and peace; but between a long war and a short war, between much distress and little; possibly between defeat and victory. At any rate, it is as clearly the duty of soldiers to make war as it is of statesmen to keep peace; the military begins to function only when statesmen have failed. The Army, therefore, enters upon this preparedness program, not with any delusion of grandeur, but rather as a stern and difficult duty, a duty forced upon it by the lessons of experience.

Industrial mobilization will be administered by a staff of from 60 to 100 officers who will be commissioned from the leaders of America's industry. A class of 14 regular officers is taking a special training course in the Army Industrial College to train them in similar work. Many competent industrialists are also being enrolled as reserve officers ready to act in specially important niches upon call.

It is now obvious that the war boom had to be paid for. Inflation spells eventual deflation. Rather

than ride through such stormy waters again, experienced industrial leaders would gladly take the Army aboard as pilot. Consequently, the majority of the Army's industrial tutors accept the new preparedness heartily.

There is to be no more guesswork. Take, for example, shoes. In the first stampede of the World War, rush contracts were awarded either competitively or non-competitively on a "cost-plus" basis. No study had been made of the facilities available.

But today the Army knows how much of each plant can be devoted to manufacturing army shoes without disturbing too much the normal output, and orders have been allocated among factories in every production-centre. Munson lasts are available in the factory storerooms; a stipulated production program, experimentally proved, is ready in the safe. Furthermore, the government is guarding against delays resulting from an insufficient supply of raw materials flowing to the manufacturer. During the World War, when buyers went into the market to buy hides for shoes, prices rose rapidly. Consequently the hide market has now been surveyed with an eye to war-time control. Nor is that all. Thread, eyelets, canvas, and other findings have been considered in equal detail. A blight has ruined our chestnut trees, as a result of which our tanners must import tanning extracts from Argentine. Experiments are under way to discover a substitute not subject to ocean risks. This illustrates the thoroughness with which the economic survey is proceeding.

The new preparedness synchronizes the three essentials of victory: man power, munitions, time. The time element varies with each product: it may be one month for shoes, two months for clothing, three months for machine-gun ammunition. Reserve stocks are to be maintained accordingly, with time as their measure rather than mere quantity as heretofore.

Proved production-costs, which occupy prominent places in the card-index, together with governmental control of markets, will be a safeguard against profiteering. Mr. Davis says: "The principle that men at home shall not make inordinate profits from war while their fellows are staking their lives for their country is a fundamental proposition of common justice." Both the Democratic and Republican parties have committed themselves without reserve to the draft of capital. The American Legion has asked Congress to pass the necessary legislation and will renew its efforts in the next Congress.

An example of the method used in the war munitions survey is that of a manufacturer of bird cages whose facilities can be used for the production of artillery fuses. The Army furnishes him with a copy of specifications. In spare time, at his own expense, he has dies and jigs made. He produces a few fuses experimentally as a basis of calculating his shop's capacity and the unit cost, variable only with wages and the price of raw materials. The result of his test, together with a sample of the fuses, is delivered to the War Department, where the sample is rigidly tested.

Slowly, but with sureness, the Army is solving the problem of industrial preparedness. A critical condition exists only with relation to the Air Service. An airplane, as yet, cannot be built in different factories and later assembled. Official reports have repeatedly warned that our supply of aircraft is almost exhausted and that the aircraft industry faces extinction. Yet the air force must be recognized as of equal importance in our scheme of national defense with either the Army or Navy. With a single weak link, the chain of preparedness is worthless.

In conviction and tradition opposed to maintaining standing armies, it is a natural evolution that the United States should now draw upon industry for reserve strength.

International Concern for Education

Condensed from the American Review (Sept.-Oct. '24)

I. L. Kandel

DOES not the attainment of world peace and international goodwill ultimately depend on formal educational agencies, of which the schools and universities are the most important, the most strategically placed, and the most effective, because they deal with individuals in their plastic stages, rather than on agreements between governments and political organizations?

It is significant that within the first month of the present year three proposals were suggested for the promotion of international understanding through education. A gift of \$1,000,000 has been made by an American for an international university at the Hague; Beloit College proposes to become an international college; and, finally, a plan has been proposed for the establishment of an organization to promote travel and education of students in foreign countries and for the international exchange of credits.

The best known of the plans for the promotion of international understanding is the provision of Cecil Rhodes of scholarships at Oxford. Since the war it has been recognized that the full fruition of the Rhodes plan would be the establishment in the United States of scholarships for British students. This realization, fostered by the English-Speaking Union, has already led to the establishment of the Davison and Graff scholarships—a small beginning but important. Equally important are the conferences of British and American professors of history and English.

Similar relations intended to perpetuate the traditional friendship between France and the United States have developed. Before the close of the war there had been es-

tablished the Society for American Fellowships in French Universities, which published a guide to opportunities offered by French universities in all fields of scholarship. After the war the American Field Service Association, which, before this country joined the Allies, had recruited some two thousand college men for service with the French ambulance corps, amalgamated with this Society and has for the last five years offered fellowships for postgraduate study in French universities as a memorial to the 127 members of the Association who died in France.

The American student is also offered opportunities to study in Belgium by the Belgium Educational Foundation, and in the Scandinavian countries by the Scandinavian American Foundation, while both organizations bring students to American universities. Scholarships are to be offered for study in Italy by the Italy-America Society. No account can be given here of the number of scholarships and fellowships available in individual American universities for study abroad.

The Institute of International Education was established in 1919 to serve as an intermediary between foreign countries and the United States. The great extension of the exchange system made the Institute necessary to arrange for the exchange of professors, look after the interests of foreign students in this country, promote the study of international problems in colleges, and in general serve as a bureau of information on higher education in foreign countries. Closely associated with the Institute is the American University Union. Through its offices in Paris and London it serves as a clearing house for American

students in France and Great Britain and a liaison between American and foreign institutions.

Within the last two years the importance of a period of study abroad has been brought to a logical conclusion. The University of Delaware has adopted a plan by which selected students preparing for diplomatic services and commercial pursuits are sent to France to spend their junior year. As the demand develops it is intended to send other groups to other countries. Teachers College, Columbia University, has made arrangements by which students preparing to become teachers of French will spend a semester in Paris under the guidance of a member of the faculty.

In 1923 there was established, through a grant from the International Education Board, the International Institute of Teachers College. Teachers College has for the past 20 years been attended by a large number of foreign students who return to their own countries to fill positions of influence in education. The number has now increased to 250 students. The Institute provides a course which gives the foreign student an opportunity of becoming acquainted at first hand, by actual visitation, with American schools. The visitation is followed by class discussion and reports on their organization, curricula, methods. This study of the fundamental problems of education as found in the United States, and in other lands, is carried on by the foreign students in classes with American students.

Not only has America much to give but she has much to learn. The increasing number of foreign students cannot help but broaden the ideas and sympathies of their American colleagues when they realize that many of the Chinese speak better English and have a wider culture than the average American school teacher; that the Filipino has worked out a plan of education that might

contribute much to that of the United States; that the Scandinavian countries have met with enviable success with their rural and agricultural schools and with adult education; and that Great Britain, France and other European countries attain a thoroughness in their higher education that may well serve as a standard to be imitated. In promoting this phase of the work the International Institute will endeavor to keep in close touch with educational developments in foreign countries.

The student body of Teachers College, drawn from so many parts of the world, constitutes an Educational League of Nations of great significance, since all the members return to positions of influence. To assist in this phase of international co-operation will be one of the greatest privileges of the Institute.

The funds of the International Institute make it possible to furnish scholarship aid to foreign students of ability and promise. All of these students are going back to serve in their own educational systems with the background of American ideas and ideals. They are really dedicating their lives to the service of general educational advancement. This must lead to a better understanding between their own countries and the United States, and in the case of the numerous Oriental students, to a better understanding between the East and West. Consequently, assistance to such students in education is one of the most direct means of advancing the interests of internationalism and of peace, of democracy and of human welfare. This is particularly true of students in an institution such as Teachers College, where the practical side of education is never lost sight of, and where education is interpreted as the means for achieving concrete advance in human welfare and not simply as a conventional process in the imparting of information.

Develop An Active Mind!

Condensed from Success Magazine (August '24)

Dr. Edward L. Thorndike (Reported by Betty Ross)

ONE of the most popular fallacies of the day is that all the thinking of the world is done by high-brows or scientists. An individual must *think* to do anything well. And everyone who wants to do things and get ahead in his work should always remember the greatest recipe for success I know—develop an ACTIVE MIND!

"By the active mind, I mean the mind that is always on the alert. Give the active mind a chance to explore. Turn your mind on your work as one would a powerful searchlight, and regard it carefully from every angle. You should look even further than your job, probing its origin, its past, and those who held the position before you. From the records of what opportunities your job has held for others, you should peer into the future and see what it may hold for you.

"No matter how great or small a job is, there is always room for improvement. Your active mind should assimilate all the knowledge of your job, whether it is clerking, brick-masonry or house-work, and see what improvements have been made in the past hundred years. If none has been made in that period, it is high time some were made.

"They can and should be made *within the next hundred minutes*. If the search shows advancement has been made within the past century, it is a sure sign the job has been improved and can stand being bettered some more. Then it is high time to start thinking of further improvements for it at once.

"It is usually in making such an improvement that one stumbles on to great inventions. History and busi-

ness are full of records of men who became famous in just this way. To take a few instances in recent years, look at the vacuum cleaner, electric brush, electric iron.

"Thousands of men and women had been scrubbing and washing floors all their lives, yet not one thought of improving his or her lot. Not until some electrician, who probably never washed a floor in his life, came along and invented the vacuum cleaner, did they realize the opportunity they had missed.

"The spinning wheel was invented by a boy who was too lazy to work with his hands. He studied the job to find some way of working with less exertion, and finally invented the spinning wheel to save his energy. Millions of people on the same job, probably just as eager to save energy, never thought of using their heads instead of their hands.

"Remember that education has nothing to do with proper thinking. Proper thinking is within the reach of every normal human being. Thinking properly is what makes the difference between success and failure. This is shown most clearly in ideas.

"Most people cling to old ideas in doing things, from baking a cake to adding a column of figures. They use the ideas their mothers and fathers used before them. People who accomplish things, however, look around for new ideas and are willing to experiment. They are anxious to find out things and prove them for themselves.

"Of course ideas, unless they are tested, are worthless. After you have made a careful study of your work, think it through. By this I mean learn everything anyone has

ever done with the same thought. Fill up your mind with it. Know everything that other people know about it. Find out why other people have failed.

"See if your idea seems a better one. Try it out! Check back on it by experience. You may not at first accomplish the thing you started to, but will perhaps stumble on a better idea. Unless you have first sufficiently studied your work, you cannot make any advancement either by planning or accident.

"Einstein, for instance, did not fall by accident on to his theories of relativity. He was a serious scholar first, and learned all the mathematics of other mathematicians. Then he thought he saw a better bet, which meant going a step ahead of the others, and formulating his own theories.

"So Dr. Terman, who invented some excellent education tests, got his ideas when revising the Binet tests, proving again that only when your mind is full of a subject can improvements be made successfully. Then you know all that has been done. If you don't know your subject thoroughly, you may discard a good idea by saying: 'Some one must have done that years ago!'—and lose out.

"The same holds true in every line of endeavor. Dr. Jenner, whose scientific study of smallpox prevented people from having it at all, won fame during his lifetime and after his death; yet all he did was to go one step further than the thousands of other doctors who died unsung.

"When you get an idea, and it seems something good, study it thoroughly. If it seems big after that, fight for it. Try your best to see it through. It is to fighting bitterly for an idea that I owe my present position in science. When I was doing graduate work at Harvard, studying psychology under Dr. James, the idea of animals as a base for intelligence tests among human beings occurred to me. No one had ever before made a study of the mind of animals. The

announcement of my intention to do so brought a great deal of scorn from everyone. My friends thought I had gone mad—and regarded me with suspicion.

"Just as soon as a certain fact about the intelligence of animals struck me, I tried it out on my students, to see if the human mind reacted in the same way. This work made the basis for all my later intelligence tests, and helped me tear down many popular fallacies relating to the mind.

"In choosing a profession or position, you should regard only your strong points, which are your assets. Everyone should strengthen his strong points and work them all the time. Don't try to be an all-around artist. This is the age of specialization. Make a specialty of mastering one thing. Those who dabble in everything, although they may be more versatile in society, have made no impressions in their work.

"It is the expert every time who wins, whether he be expert in shoe repairing or in writing art criticisms.

"Don't rest with what you know about your work—try to learn just a little bit more. Ask questions of yourself and your work. Don't look at it—live with it! Soon you will find you know more about your work than the other fellow and will be regarded as an authority.

"Don't try to handle everyone's job in the office. Master your own job and become a specialist in it. Don't spend your time trying to strengthen your weak points—use that time to develop your strong ones.

"Fame and repute come from a few good things rather than a score of second-rate ones. Men gain reputations on one or two authoritative books rather than on a score of them on widely varied subjects.

"No one need fear overworking his brain. Most people tire their brains more by not thinking than by actual thinking.

"THINK your way through the world!—that is my message."

My Greatest Possession

Excerpts from The American Magazine (October '24)

Irving Bacheller

HERE is an Eastern tribe whose members pick up every scrap of paper and treat it reverently because the name of Allah may be on it. That should be our attitude toward men and women. The name of God is stamped on all—and who knows when we shall be entertaining an angel unawares?

"A man never knows when he will meet an angel," the late Colonel Cockerill used to say when he was telling his best story. He was the ablest managing editor that New York had known in my time, and his great story was this:

"It happened when I was the city editor of the Cincinnati 'Enquirer.' I was at work at my desk. A shabby-looking young fellow, wearing spectacles, had entered the city room and found his way to my side. He stood there timidly, without speaking. I was busy. I didn't look up when I said:

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"I'd like to get a job, sir," he answered in a melancholy, lifeless tone.

"The old story," I said to myself. "It's some young, broken adventurer who has failed at everything he has tried, some wandering flea who is trying to find a dog to light on."

"Haven't a thing to offer you," I said. "Can't keep the men busy that I have now."

"Without a word, he turned and walked toward the door. His disappointment and dejection showed in his back and feet and legs as he left me. I was sorry for him. Before he got to the door I called him back.

"Come here, young fellow," I

said. "Sit down in the corner. Something may turn up before the day ends. If I can, I'll give you a chance."

"He said 'Thank you,' and sat down in the corner. I was busy and forgot that he was there.

"The day wore on. By and by a fire signal sounded. Again and again and again it rang. Church bells began to spread the alarm. The city was in a panic. A devouring fire driven by strong wind was running like a scared cat through wooden blocks and tenements.

"It was a tinder-box town—like all cities of that time. One of the great stories in the history of Cincinnati was writing itself in flame and tragedy and destruction. I had to see that it was translated into readable English. It was a mad hour at the city desk. I sent everyone out, reporters, the telegraph editor, dramatic editor, and most of the chief's helpers.

"The rush was over when I noticed that poor devil sitting there in his corner.

"Say, young fellow," I called, "the town is burning up. Go out in the crowd and keep your eyes and ears open. If you see or hear anything that goes to your heart come back and write about it in your own way."

"That was all I could do for him. He said 'Very well, sir!' and left me.

"He came back late in the evening. Most of the fire copy was in. The forms were being made up.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, a little irritated. "You've come back at last, have you? Did you get a story?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sit down and write it as quick as you can. Make it short."

"He sat down and began to write, with his eyes close to the paper, for he seemed to be nearsighted. In a few minutes I went over and gathered the sheets he had written.

"They thrilled me. No such copy had ever come to my hand. It was masterful. To him the fire was a great tiger of destruction crunching the bones of the city and striking and rending with its mighty paws. The terror of the victims, the panic of the crowd, the slang of the street, the sound of the bells, the roaring of the red monster, were in those vivid sentences. They stirred the roots of my hair.

"I gathered the pages he had written, ran up-stairs two steps at a time and threw them down on the chief's desk.

"Read that," I said.

"He read it, and reread it.

"Who wrote this?" he asked.

"A poor devil from the country who drifted into my office this morning."

"Let him write all he can up to one o'clock, and kill enough off the first page to make room for it," the chief commanded.

"I ran back to the city room.

"How much can you write of this?" I asked the young man, who still sat scratching away at his desk.

"As much as you want, sir," he answered, without stopping his pencil, his eyes near the paper . . .

"And that was the beginning of the literary career of Lafcadio Hearn!"

Hearn became one of the most original forces in literature and an acknowledged master of English style . . .

I find that my greatest asset is the interest I hold in the human race. My faith in human nature has helped me to keep the heart of youth and the love of fun. I think it is true that I am younger at 64 than I was at 20. I believe that if a man gives faith and affection, that is what he

will get. If he throws stones he may be sure of having a sore head. How easy it is to find heroic, generous, loving, even godlike men and women!

My interest in people began when I was a boy, with my liking for a merry-hearted Irish woman who came every Monday to wash for my mother, and who jigged and sang between the tub and the clothes-line and had an Irish brogue on her tongue. She was of greater service to the family than she ever knew.

And there was the genial, witty, fun-loving old gentleman, Sam Miner, who played the flute and sang merry songs in his hours of leisure while he worked for my father on the farm. When I began to write for a living, I looked back down the way of my life for people worth writing about. The one of all others who first challenged my thought was this old hired man. I recalled his fondness for children, his love of music, his funny stories, his kindly soul. I could never forget the look of him as he sat on our little veranda, at the day's end, playing his flute and singing the songs of the old time, as we children sat around him. The more I thought of him the larger he loomed. I began to feel the beauty of his spirit and its influence upon my own life. I saw his capacity, and I sat down to celebrate the greatness of a hired man — just a plain, simple, fun-loving hired man. I built him into the man he might have been, and called him Eben Holden. At least a thousand people have written to thank me for the faith in common folk which the book of that name had imparted. It was just a kind of show window for my greatest asset.

America was born of a new and broader faith in humanity. When great issues have been referred to our people, their decision has been right. Our whole commercial structure is founded upon credit, and credit upon character. It is the biggest structure of the kind there is. It could not live, save on a foundation of mutual trust.

A Turning Point

Editorial from the New York Times (October 5, '24).

WE are at a great turning point in human history. The nations of the world, forty-seven of them in conference, have declared their adherence to the principle that a sovereign State is sovereign no longer in the act of war. No matter what may follow in the ratification or modification of the Geneva Protocol, no great Power can henceforth risk going to war without a previous reference of the justice of its cause to some tribunal; for, sound or unsound, the judgment of Geneva will stand in history as an accomplished fact. The public opinion of the world has been invited to judge in the supreme issues of international controversy from now on, and no State can defy that opinion without drawing upon itself the implication of aggression, and with that implication the possibility that it will have to face at least the mobilized economic strength of every other Power whose interest it is to keep the peace.

On the first day of September, 1924, it was the accepted doctrine that any country had a right to go to war for the attainment of its own purposes, and that this right could not be challenged without an unfriendly act upon the part of another Power. On October 1, one month later, the accepted principle is that an aggressor State is an outlaw among nations; that other States may proceed to the chastisement of the aggressor or take steps to prevent the menace of aggression from becoming real, without themselves becoming parties to a conflict. In other words, the old boundaries of neutrality and belligerency no longer exist, and for the first time in human history international affairs are placed upon a moral basis.

This great event has passed almost unnoticed in the country which in past years has so largely contributed to its dominant and underlying ideas. It is a strange paradox that those countries which have been accused freely in the American press of tendencies of imperialism and militarism should have led in this great step toward the elimination of aggressive war and world disarmament, rather than this reputed home of idealism. But perhaps the need of peace is greatest where there is greatest menace of war. Those whose experience with war is most frequent are often the strongest advocates of peace. The trouble has been that up until now there has been found no adequate substitute for war which could satisfy the real and just demands of security upon the part of those who were insecure.

The League of Nations, taking its inspiration to some extent from American thought, has at last worked out a plan which to the experienced eye of the delegates present at Geneva seems an adequate substitute for the old, brutal, unjust and inadequate method of adjustment by way of war. The result of the deliberations at the Fifth Assembly is a complicated mechanism, and not all of the pattern can be clearly distinguished in the news reports which have reached us as yet. The men who prepared this plan are not idealistic dreamers but practical statesmen. Thirteen Foreign Ministers responsible for the policies of their countries were present at Geneva, and over one hundred Cabinet Ministers. These men are not easily misled by glittering formulae. They were in Geneva to safeguard the interests of their countries in the first instance and were only free to par-

ticipate in the great work of reform in so far as it leaves their country's honor and interest more secure. The head of the French delegation in Geneva, for instance, M. Paul Boncour—to whose eloquence and elevation of thought the dispatches have frequently borne witness—is at the same time the President of the French Council of National Defense, so that he has under him the General Staffs of the French Army and Navy. A man of this calibre and responsibility is not likely to mislead his country's delegation into false bypaths for temporary gratification and sentimental gain. M. Politis, the brilliant Greek statesman, whose eloquence captivated the Assembly, is at the same time one of the leading international jurists of Europe. M. Benes's experience in the chancelleries of Europe fully matches that creative intelligence which called the Little Entente into being. And so one could go down the list.

Finally, whatever Americans may think of the League of Nations or of its plans for disarmament and world peace, it is surely a matter for sincere rejoicing that at Geneva the old liberal France has found its voice once more, the France which was the inspiration of liberty in Europe and America in the days when this Republic was founded, the France of the Declaration of Rights of Man. The last of its great achievements promises to be the greatest of

them all; for lifting itself as it has done not only out of the morass of post-war hatreds but out of the very shadow of the tragedy of war itself, it has given not only voice but form, substance and life to the world's desire for peace.

This does not mean that the work at Geneva is a finished product. There is a mistaken tendency to think of peace in purely negative terms as being merely the absence of war; but disputes have still to be settled and will have to be settled so long as nations endure. We have put into battleships and armies technical skill that has taken generations for its development. We have now to put into arbitration courts, conciliation bodies and the mechanism of peace as much intelligence as has in the past been put into the mechanism of war. The task is not easy, but we know from now on that it is not impossible. While America can take to herself no official credit for the last step that has brought the world to this turning point, her people can have the satisfaction of the consciousness that a small group of private American citizens gave suggestion of a principle around which the official protocol has been built, and so have helped to turn the eyes of the world toward the vision which the American prophet of the League of Nations had for it. A glory has indeed come upon it.

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The New White-Collar Steerage

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post (September 27, '24)

James H. Collins

HERE is a newspaper item that indicates better than anything else what is happening to the steerage traffic on transatlantic steamships under our restricted immigration laws:

"Ruby Briggs and Elizabeth McCaully, two charming Skidmore College graduates, boarded the Platonic yesterday for a first-cabin trip to Cherbourg. Walking over the ship, they found four fellow alumnae of Skidmore in the steerage. A joyful reunion followed. The first-class passengers, whose fathers are wealthy, promptly shifted their booking to third class and there was no happier or noisier party on the Platonic when she steamed down the bay."

To replace the immigrant passenger of yesterday, the steamship companies have created the "white-collar steerage"—a remodeled steerage with private staterooms, embroidered bedspreads, clean table-cloths, electric lights in every berth, running water and baths. And there is reasonable probability that you yourself, with your wife, may be embarking third class some of these days for a glimpse of Europe that you have never dared contemplate heretofore because of the expense of first or second class passage.

Roughly, steamship income on transatlantic routes was formerly one-third from immigrants, one-third from other passengers and one-third from freight. Moreover, the immigrant yielded the highest margin of profit, because he required the least amount of space and service. Today, with our new immigration laws, the steamship traffic manager looks to the white-collar classes for business.

The idea has met with a quick response. A ship's entire third-class

accommodation is sometimes taken by college professors, school-teachers, clergymen and students. "And they like the steerage," said a passenger-traffic man. "During the season of 1923 we carried a couple of thousand white-collar steerage passengers on our line. Competing lines were quick to see the point and remodel their steerage quarters. This summer we had 5,000 third-class passengers of the new kind, and next year the traffic should be several times that, because word is getting about the country, and we feel that business has just begun."

"From the selling standpoint it is very attractive, because if inland people will travel steerage and take advantage of railroad excursion rates, they can easily spend a couple of weeks on the other side for \$350 to \$400. To illustrate: The regular rail fare round trip between Minneapolis and New York is \$90 and a round trip steerage passage to a British port \$160. Allow \$50 to \$75 a week for expenses on the other side, and it can be done comfortably enough."

As the new steerage traffic grows, say steamship officials, we shall see all-steerage lines on the transatlantic route. They won't be called that, of course, but one-class ships, or ships of democracy, yet they will be third-class ships in accommodations and table, with present-day steerage fares of about \$90 to England or France.

"There is one such ship already," said a steamship official. "We spent \$750,000 refitting her for this trade. She is large, carries 2,150 passengers with a dining-room seating capacity of 700 and plenty of deck room. The fittings are plain—no frills—designed for comfort and cleanliness,

not show. She takes eight and nine days to cross, but she saves the passenger money at the rate of \$15 to \$25 a day over first class for every day it takes. This ship corresponds to the reasonable-price hotel, and no one accustomed to the latter will find himself out of place on it."

Outside tourist agents are helping the traffic manager by organizing old-home parties. A Chicago agent takes a merry crowd of 200 or more Irish folks to Ireland every year.

A different kind of personally conducted party is the one that charters the whole steerage, provides its own manager and guide, and goes over with 500 or 600 persons living in the same locality, or from the same educational institution. College parties made up of professors and students are beginning to appreciate the opportunities offered by the new white-collar steerage. They lay out their routes to see and study certain things in Europe, and besides broadening their college course have a wonderful lark as well.

Our friends on the other side have begun to wake up to the fact that Americans are not all millionaires, and are taking steps to attract tourists of moderate means, with serious purposes. The party of several hundred students and professors, chartering the whole steerage, and carefully planning, may spend several weeks in England or on the Continent, taking advantage of educational opportunities. Instead of joy-riding around London, they go down to Oxford or Cambridge for special lectures, and in Paris attend classes at the Sorbonne instead of doing the regular tourist stunts at

Montmartre. Summer schools are being held in many of the universities abroad, and as fast as the authorities find out what the American student wants, facilities will be extended, not only for the student but for the professional man desirous of brushing up on his specialty or investigating things in which Europeans excel. There is no reason why a chemist, student or manufacturer should not go over for a short course from specialists, nor is there any objection to going in the steerage if it enables him to economize and spend more time on the other side. This applies to science generally, and art, architecture, engineering—all professional fields.

The veteran is also going over in the steerage, and traffic possibilities are shown in the fact that there are between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 potential tourists of this kind, with their families, as well as workers who went over in auxiliary war services. If he was in France, the ex-soldier will eventually want to go again. If he didn't get across before the war ended, he wants to go all the more. "Save \$5 a week and see France" is the idea, and excursions every two weeks the past summer were so well patronized that they may be run weekly net season. By going during or after July, when the summer rush is over, and taking advantage of certain economies made possible by the United States and the French government, a veteran may spend 15 days in Paris with tours of the battlefields for as little as \$300. The French government looks after the veterans on the other side, and they get reasonable rates for board and battlefield tours.

Crossing Asia Minor

Condensed from the National Geographic (October '24)

Major Robert W. Imbrie (See note on Page 447)

WE gathered our dunnage, dropped off the steamer into a small boat bobbing about below, and went ashore at the little port of Mersina. . . . It takes a good deal to cause excitement in a country whose chief product for the last 3,000 years has been war and whose by-products have been massacre, rapine, and pillage. However, we had been noticed, and presently a fine-faced old gentleman, with that gravity of manner which marks the Turk, came to greet us and invite us to his home.

He was the mayor. Although we were in a hurry to get away, we knew enough of the Near East to realize that coffee and tobacco must precede any business. To any would-be traveler in Turkey let me say that if your digestion and nerves will not stand almost continual coffee-drinking—the thick, black, syrupy coffee of the Orient—the endless cigarette smoking, venture not into the Near East. No business is ever transacted, no social or official call is complete, no meeting, however casual, is ever terminated without tobacco and coffee.

We missed our train by half an hour. The situation in nowise perturbed our host. He had a proverb to meet the occasion—the Turk always has. "Tomorrow, Effendi," he said, "is also a day," and added that another train would then depart.

Here another characteristic of the Turk revealed itself—the attribute of courtesy and kindness toward the stranger. I have experienced this kindness, without exception, from the humblest peasant to the head of the nation throughout some thousands of miles of travel and 18 months' sojourn under the Star and Crescent. In this instance it mani-

fested itself in the offer by the owner of the only automobile in Mersina of the loan of his car for the journey to Adana. . . .

Fourteen miles out of Mersina—an hour over those execrable roads—we came to a town. It was an unpretentious town, with narrow, tortuous streets, mud houses, and a small bazaar, but its name has come down through the centuries. This was Tarsus. Its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity; it was described by Xenophon, conquered by Alexander, visited by Caesar, was the meeting place of Antony and Cleopatra, and is the burial place of Julian. Here Paul was born and educated; here he preached. Beneath the walls of Tarsus 300 Crusaders met their death. Yet today it is a Turkish commercial town of small importance, its historic past wrapped in the twilight of obscurity.

Beneath an arch through which Saint Paul himself must have walked we passed out of the town, and some hours later, arrived in Adana, one of the large towns of Asia Minor, with a population of about 60,000. In Adana all the houses are flat-topped and the roofs serve as the bed-rooms. There is no late sleeping in Adana, as I can testify, for a half-minute after the rising sun hits the sleeper he is glad to exchange his place atop the roof for one beneath.

At Konia, with one pack animal for three people, we struck out over the plateau for Angora, 150 miles almost due north. On such a journey one goes armed on account of possible encounter with brigands. Water bottles and goggles are essential, and dread of discomfort must be banished. Neither can one afford to be squeamish as to what is

eaten or where one sleeps. To avoid attracting undue attention, we discarded occidental headgear and adopted the kalpack, which has become the distinctive headgear of nationalist Turkey, having supplanted the fez.

In a country of searing suns and torrential rains the kalpack, while picturesque, is wholly impractical. It is a high, brimless cone, made from the wool of the unborn Bokhara lamb, hugs the forehead, and is heavy and hot. Its cost may be anywhere from the equivalent of \$7 to \$160. As in Mexico, so in Turkey, a man's position may be judged by the quality of his headgear. I might add that the Turk never removes his head covering, except, possibly when he retires at night. At dinner, when calling, at all ceremonies or functions, the kalpack remains seated, so to speak.

In saluting, the Turk does not remove his covering; he bends low, touches the hem of his garment, his heart, and his kalpack, the idea being he gives you the earth, his heart, and his head.

For several days we rode across the haggard face of the landscape, and at last, before us lay Angora. We were approaching from the west and the last rays of the setting sun painted the city in a rosy glow. Its minarets, its battlements, its walls and towers stood out much as they must have done when the Crusaders rode against them, for the swing of the pendulum through the arch of centuries has brought little change to Angora.

Few cities can boast of more history. There is a record of a battle fought here before the birth of Christ. Today, in the walls of the citadel, themselves seven centuries old, may be seen many blocks, fragments of Roman temples, which were ruins before the construction of these walls began.

But as in most of the towns of the Near East, the beauty of distance is lost in the squalor of proximity. The debris-cluttered streets wind about between two-story mud houses. There is no sewerage system; there are no sidewalks. In winter there is mud fetlock deep, and in summer dust. At night, Angora, like all Turkish towns, is as dark as the inside of a camel, for there is no system of street-lighting. The shops are tiny affairs, with the most primitive of stocks.

Once more, as in centuries past, the name of Angora is recorded in bold type on history's page. As the capital of New Turkey, this ancient town has been the focus of attention. In a small building meets the Grand National Assembly of Turkey. Here the farmer sits with the teacher, the dervish with the soldier, and the professional man with the merchant in democratic conclave.

As we clattered up Angora's main street, the muezzins were calling the faithful to prayer. Darkness was upon us and we sought shelter. . . . In all Asia Minor there are no hotels. We must go to a khan. A khan, be it known is the oriental idea of an inn, and a very poor idea it is. Unusually, almost invariably, it takes the form of a mud-wall inclosed courtyard, one side of which is formed by a two-story structure. The lower story is a stable; the upper story is occupied by the more opulent—and more unfortunate—of the khan's guests, for many there are who camp in the open courtyard. In a khan the guest must bring everything—food, bedding, drink. The management furnishes nothing but shelter—provided the roof doesn't leak—and bugs. These latter are always in stock.

Our next objective was Sivas. We were warned that the normal road would be closed by brigands. It
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The Zoo Nursery

Excerpts from The Mentor

Dr. W. Reid Blair, Chief Veterinarian, New York Zoological Park

THE New York Zoological Park has disproved the notion that bears will not breed in captivity. Cache, a female Russian brown bear, has presented the park with many litters of cubs usually in perfect form. The bear cub at birth is a helpless little creature, only eight to nine inches long, weighing about 14 ounces. Bearing in mind that an adult of the species weighs 450 to 500 pounds, it can readily be seen how ridiculously small is a bear cub. Its size is much less in proportion than that of the young of any other mammal, with the possible exception of the kangaroo. The cub represents about one-five-hundredths of the mother's weight, as compared with a fawn representing about one-thirtieth, a young puppy one-twenty-fifth, or a human baby one-twentieth of the mother's weight. But in these tiny creatures we see a wise plan of Nature. The cubs are born during the winter, while the mother bear is denned up and in a hibernating state, and the cubs are suckled for about three months before they make their appearance outside the cramped quarters of the den.

Our lioness Cleopatra was an ideal mother in every respect, and she successfully raised a number of litters of cubs. In some cases large dogs or goats are engaged in anticipation of the necessity of providing foster mothers for neglected or orphaned lion cubs. At first the dog may be uneasy at the somewhat rough foster children, but they gradually grow fond of each other. . . . Occasionally we are obliged to foster some helpless wild animal baby when the mother has abandoned it because of illness, or as

the result of some physiological change in the function of the milk-secreting glands. This the keeper must adopt and bring up by hand. Armed with a nursing bottle filled with milk diluted to the peculiar needs of his charge, the keeper becomes a nurse in earnest, and often a most successful one. In fact, many of the wild animals exhibited in the Park are bottle-fed babies now grown to maturity.

Among the rare wild babies born in the Park are the chimpanzee, giraffe, eland, camel, zebra, Rocky Mountain sheep, and Siberian tiger. In the kangaroo colony more than 50 kangaroos have been bred. As a result of Keeper Riley's close observation we have learned much concerning these remarkable animals. The young are born in a comparatively rudimentary condition, and are sheltered during their later development in a pouch, called the "marsupium," which is a fold of skin on the abdomen of the mother. A kangaroo at birth weighs about 20 grains, is only a trifle more than an inch long, and not much thicker than a lead pencil. It is a tiny, pinkish, naked mass, and, with the exception of the perfectly formed front legs, bears but slight resemblance to the adult kangaroo. It is by means of these front legs that it finally succeeds in propelling itself to the pouch, where it undergoes its more mature development, and where it remains attached by its mouth to the mother's udder for several months. It is completely developed and ready to leave the pouch after six months. It continues, however, to use its mother's pouch for a longer period as a safe haven in case of fright.

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would be better, the khan said, to remain at his khan until our party was augmented by other travelers. We were always hearing these tales of brigands, and, though on one occasion the party just ahead of us and the party following were wiped out to a man, through five traverses of Asia Minor our outfit never suffered molestation. We felt therefore, that the old khanji's solicitude for our welfare was born of his desire that we further patronize his khan rather than of real anxiety as to our safety.

In Kirshehr we dropped into a tiny restaurant, typical of all Turkish restaurants, which are among the worst in the world. Over individual charcoal fires rested several copper bowls. In these simmered the inevitable mutton, the fatal rice cooked in tallow, and a kind of squash resembling saddle soup. On a series of stone shelves, one above the other, were tiny charcoal fires, and before these, on a vertical spit, roasted more mutton. Over the door was a sign which stated, in Arabic characters, "I do my utmost; the rest I leave to Allah." Turkish dishes are mysteriously complex. Most of the dishes are morbid, some only quaint. And a Turkish meal stands not on the order of its coming. A meat follows a sweet; a vegetable follows a pastry, and then another sweet is liable to come trekking in with a soup.

At the foot of Mt. Argaesus lies Kaisariye, one of the oldest towns in the world. At one time it was the seat of the kings of Cappadocia, addressed by Peter in his First Epistle. Two and a half centuries after Christ its population was 400,000; today it is scarcely one-sixth that number. . . . Its narrow, corkscrew streets double about in a most amazing and confusing way.

Through them, beneath the screened, overhanging balconies, pass camel and mule caravans, herds of sheep and goats, cavalcades of horsemen, and all the varied life of the East. In the swarming bazaar we inquired of a merchant as to what the town specialized in. "Before Allah, everything," he said. Civic pride is not confined to America.

After leaving Kaisariye we began to meet more people—a cape-draped horseman, long dagger slanted across his hip, carbine in hand, who perhaps had been three months in the saddle on his ride from Persia, or an old lady atop a buffalo cart, its ungreased wooden wheels shrieking to heaven, spinning along at the dizzy rate of a mile and a half an hour. Listening to what in Turkey passes for music, I have often wondered if it did not have as its theme the syncopation of the oxcart screech.

Sivas has had a lurid history. Pompey, Diocletian, and Justinian held it . . . Many reminders of by-gone civilization are in and about the town. Among the best preserved and the most interesting are the numerous minarets, dating from the eleventh century, but still solid, dignified, and beautiful. . . . The bazaars are interesting. Squatting cross-legged on a divan, sipping Turkish coffee, and smoking a cigarette while examining the unusual wares is not the least interesting of pastimes. One is never urged to buy; there is no loud-voiced extolling of articles, such as one encounters in Constantinople. If you wish to buy, the price is thus and so. If you do not care to buy, so it has been decreed by Allah. Say no further, for is not tomorrow also a day, and is not man but a road over which the events of life, both good and bad, pass?

The Four Fundamental Failures of the American Home

Condensed from *The Delineator*

Mrs. John D. Sherman, President, General Federation of Women's Clubs

TAKE honesty first. It is a fundamental thing; it means to a home what foundations mean to a house; and yet it is a thing in which the average American home is remiss. Our children often get their first start in equivocation in the very places that should be their strongholds against deceit, their own homes.

"Mother, you're wanted on the phone," called the young son. "Find out who is calling, and say that mother isn't in just now," commanded the mother. And a little later the mother confided to me that Billy was such a dreadful little liar!

"I hope that old cat isn't coming here!" remarks Mr. Smith, when an unwelcome caller is seen approaching just as the family is about to set out for a spin in their car. A moment later he is saying, "I'm so glad to see you. It's delightful of you to come. No, indeed, we weren't going out."

No wonder that small Ann, silenced by a look, is puzzled. No wonder Jimmy, punished for a fib of his own the day before, is sulky when he is sent to the door to tell an unexpected collector that mother is out. No wonder the youngsters are at first bewildered when they hear father say he is not well enough to attend Sunday service, and then, later, set forth furtively for a game of golf. No wonder that our children, seeing truth so carelessly jugged with, come to the opinion that it is not a thing of great importance.

We may recommend honesty and gentleness to our children, but if we are dishonest and unkind in our human contacts, they are almost sure

to be. We may send them to church and Sunday-school, but we must be reverent ourselves if we want them to be. We may deceive a diplomat, throw a detective off the track, wear a false face before the world, but the clear eyes of our children see us as we are.

Second, is the lack of a proper business basis for the home. "More than half the cases that come before me," declared one of the judges of the Court of Domestic Relations in New York, "arise out of disputes concerning money in the home and are occasioned either by the extravagance of the wife or the penuriousness of the husband. Almost all such cases could have been avoided by the simple expedient of a home budget."

"What does my wife need with money?" argued the husband of a friend of mine. "She has charge accounts at the stores. She has a car." Yet she could not, for all her pretty clothes, purchase as much as a postage stamp. When something went wrong with her car one day, she had to walk home in the rain, rather than be put to the humiliation of borrowing carfare from the chauffeur.

"What do you need with money?" I asked her husband. "You have charge accounts, too. Your car brings you to your office and takes you home again."

"Oh, come now!" he said. "A man without money in his pockets! You must be joking."

A woman not at all "well fixed" told me, "We have a charge account at the corner grocery. My husband"—she flushed—"prefers to pay all

our bills at the end of each month. I never have any money in my pocketbook to spend. I could save about a dollar a day by shopping around for vegetables and meat. In the 14 years I've been trading in that hateful little store, I could have saved enough to buy the little home we want so much."

Husbands and wives would both do well to remember that a household budget, administered by the wife and rigidly adhered to, acts as a rein and not as a spur to expenditure. It trains the whole family to use money sanely, which is something that many Americans never learn. It saves the bickering and begging that is the inevitable consequence of the old begging system for wives; and it prevents the lack of trust and equivocation that exist in that system.

The third failure is the lack of a sense of proportion within the home. Proportion means that sixth sense that makes wise home-makers place emphasis upon the really important things in family life. Too many Americans seem to rate appearances above comfort and happiness and true content. That is why we find \$3,000 cars in garages of \$10,000 homes and \$100 dresses on the wives of \$3,000 a year husbands.

"If only I could have my kitchen remodeled," sighs the harried housewife. "I walk twice as far every day as I need, and go to bed tired to death every night. But I can't do anything about it this year—I want to get the living-room furniture upholstered."

Lack of proportion is a dangerous thing when it causes parents to teach their children everything except the very thing they will need most to know, the principles of home-making. One of the most startling indictments of the American home is that it lets young people go out from it in almost complete ignorance of its working principles. It is a mad habit, this American way of ours, of sending our children forth

handicapped for the business of living.

Fourth, is the lack of courtesy and fun in the home. They are the essential salt and spice without which the home must lose its savor. My own opinion is that these two things alone in sufficient quantity can be guaranteed to make a success of any home.

Children listen to the bickering and bad manners of their elders and unconsciously imitate them. Father jeers at mother none too politely for some mistaken idea of hers, and calls it impudence when Bobby speaks to her in the same tone. Mother berates father for forgetting the chops and punishes Edith when she rails in the same way. As a nation of home-makers, we tend too much to put our bouquets in the windows where they will show from the outside only, and to save our best manners for outsiders. If we make up our minds to wear our Sunday manners every day, we will have really happy homes.

"Children, stop quarreling!" ordered a mother in my presence.

"We're not quarreling!" said the little girl, "We're just playing that we're you and daddy!"

No worse charge has ever been made against the home of today than that the young people of the family go outside for their fun. "Mother says we can't have a radio—it clutters up the living-room so!" grumbled a 14-year-old boy recently. A girl a little older complained, "Father won't let us dance at the house. He says he's not going to be kept awake." The blindness of such parents! Young people need fun as much as they need food.

"I diagnosed that youngster's disease as anemia, but I should have diagnosed it as lack of fun," I heard a doctor growl. "The trouble is that he needs a few good times. But he can't call his soul his own around his home. He never has other boys in—they mess up the house. Why can't parents see that more fun means less medicine?"

The Politics of Wheat

Condensed from The Forum (October '24)

Henry Adams Bellows

THE launching of the La Follette campaign expressed the cumulative protest against four years of low grain prices, and of utterly delusive hopes of legislative reliefs. On June 1, 1920, the average farm price of a bushel of wheat was \$2.58; on August 1, 1923, it was 84 cents. This, in a sentence, is the explanation of nine-tenths of the political turmoil which has so bewildered observers of the Middle West.

Other men had grown rich from his labors; not unnaturally the farmer came to believe that low prices were wholly the results of a conspiracy to defraud him. Republicans and Democrats alike, capitalizing his rebelliousness, told him that he was being systematically robbed, and that all he needed was adequate legislation against the robbers. Ninety-nine farmers out of every hundred still honestly believe that the right kind of government can and will legislate wealth into their pockets; they have elected such senators as Magnus Johnson and Brookhart, Frazier and Ladd, because they are convinced that the first cause of their troubles has been political, not economic.

Three types of relief for the farmer were undertaken by Congress between April, 1921, and June, 1924. The first one was the tariff. In 1920, when the great break in grain prices took place, wheat was still on the free list, and importations were relatively large. It was argued that a high enough tariff wall to keep out all Canadian wheat would secure the entire home market to the domestic grower. The emergency tariff law was passed in May, 1921, placing an import duty of 35 cents a bushel on wheat.

What happened? Two months before, the average farm price of wheat

was \$1.34; after the law had been in operation six months the price was down to 93 cents. Wheat imports have never amounted to as much as 6 per cent of the total United States supply, whereas the wheat surplus which cannot be consumed at home, and therefore must be exported, ranges from 20 up to 30 per cent of the crop. In other words, shutting out imports meant little or nothing when, as in 1921, there was no adequate foreign market for the export surplus.

Again, in March, 1924, the President, under the provisions of the present tariff law, advanced the duty on wheat to 42 cents a bushel. Within ten days the price of wheat declined nine cents a bushel.

The farmer was never frankly told that no tariff could offset the depressing influence of a surplus production of two hundred million bushels. He was told simply that the tariff on wheat would bring him better prices, and the price went steadily down.

The second type of agricultural relief undertaken by Congress took the form of increased credit facilities. Yet no small part of the farmer's trouble was already due to too much credit. During and immediately after the war, grain growing was immensely profitable; farm values went up inordinately, and much of the land was heavily mortgaged. The farmer bought an additional 160 acres at the top price, borrowing the money from the bank; the farmer who had been content with a Ford bought a Packard on the security of his land. Then the collapse of grain prices; land values fell until in many cases the loans far exceeded the security.

The Federal Farm Loan Board

meant merely an exchange of creditors. The bankers were helped because a few of their mortgages were transferred to the government; some of the wholesalers secured payments on long overdue accounts; the farmers themselves acquired new debts. As with the tariff, the government had come with promises of help, and had left the farmer with a load heavier than before.

Finally, Congress undertook to relieve the grain grower's troubles through close regulation of the system and methods of grain trading. The Capper-Tincher law was enacted. Whereupon, wheat prices instead of advancing, dropped.

The climax came last June, with the defeat in Congress of the McNary-Haugen bill. On this measure the farmers pinned their hopes. Yet the bill was an almost incredibly bungling effort to defy economic laws; it was based on principles of price fixing discredited the world over. Such a bill would mean only a repetition of the war-time experience, when the artificially high price level stimulated production to such a point that the weight of the unsalable surplus finally broke down the entire market structure.

And then, perversely, the price of wheat, which had defied every effort to strengthen it by legislation, suddenly began to go up. The one measure on which the farmers had most relied, had barely been laid in its grave when the advance began. A wheat shortage in Europe, reports of serious damage to the crop in Canada, prospects of a great revival of the foreign demand, and within a month the price of wheat had gone up 30 cents a bushel. Never did economics more successfully play comedy at the expense of politics. One would think that the event might have shaken the faith of the grain grower in political remedies for economic troubles; but there is no sign of it. He clings to his belief that governments can regulate the adjustment of supply to demand—provided that it is a government

presided over by neither Republicans nor Democrats.

Fundamentally, the problem of farm relief can be solved only by the farmers themselves. They must learn to get as much out of their land as it is capable of producing, and they must learn to be business men. In Western Canada in 1923 the average wheat yield was 22.1 bushels to the acre. The average yield per acre in North Dakota in 1923 was 7.1 bushels! Virgin soil, yes, but in France, where every available foot of ground has been made to bear crops for centuries, the wheat yield per acre in 1923 was 21.3 bushels. Eight bushels of wheat to the acre, at \$1 a bushel, mean a gross return hardly more than enough to pay interest on the purchase price of \$100 land; 20 bushels an acre yield a fair profit above all expenses. No law can make the farmer rotate his crops so as to increase his yields to a point where they earn money for him, but the iron rule of economic necessity, supported by education, is actually accomplishing it.

Wise farming methods are not enough; the farmer must learn to market his crops. He will never really do this until he stops depending on special legislation, and makes up his mind to depend on himself. He must learn that grain prices are determined by the relationship between world supply and world demand, and to regulate his own production, as any manufacturer does, according to the probable market. Of all the things that the government can undertake for the purpose of farm relief, there is only one that is likely to prove permanently effective: An outspoken refusal to attempt further legislative cures. When the grain grower is no longer encouraged by politicians to believe that laws can make him rich, he will set to work, through better farming and business methods, to enrich himself.

The New York Earthquake of 1932

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine (October '24)

T. A. Jaggar, In Charge of the Hawaiian Volcano Observatory

FTER the New York earthquake of 1932 a group of surviving bankers and publicists were discussing the situation in a Scarborough home that survived the catastrophe. The losses had been about 900,000 lives and \$50,000,000,000. The business district of Manhattan was a mass of smouldering ruins with the army and the State militia burning corpses in pits and cleaning up the rubbish. The outstanding fact of the earthquake was that skyscraper construction had utterly failed, and every elevator had gone out of action. With the arctic gale that was blowing, fire-escapes had been covered with icicles and wholly inadequate. Panic and fire had produced most of the deaths and the lack of parkways in lower Manhattan had created congestion of automobiles that the Fire Department was unable to cope with. A convention had drawn to New York 300 of the leading statesmen of America, all of whom were killed. In addition there were killed about 1,200 persons from the first American families. Ninety-four leading financiers of the United States were dead.

The chairman of the committee asked: "Why didn't the seismologists tell us something about this possibility? I always thought they said we were immune from such earthquakes as they have on the Pacific coast."

"No land is wholly immune," answered a Boston professor. "If New York had been equipped with a geophysical station such as those in Berlin, Gottingen, Strasbourg, and Petrograd, manned by specialists measuring tremor, tides, sounds, tilts, and temperatures of the rock underground, this disaster might possibly have been discounted in advance."

Reader's Digest Service

As he spoke one of the aftershocks came (there had been hundreds the first week). The swaying was strong, but it passed the maximum and died away.

"To think that this old solid land of my Dutch ancestors should behave so outrageously and keep it up!" muttered an old time New Yorker.

"Right," replied the professor, "and to judge by the Mississippi Valley in 1811 and the Saguenay quakes of 1663, the worst shocks may be yet to come, and may split the whole country from the Palisades to Meriden."

"Why do you mention those places?" said a Wall Street broker.

"Because both are volcanic."

"And how long did this Canada affair keep it up?" asked the broker.

"It was a great upheaval," the geologist answered; "where the glacial deposits slipped down off the granite. It lasted six months. It altered the whole geography of the Saguenay (a river not unlike the Hudson), and was accompanied by terrific roarings all over Canada. People knelt in the snow and cried out for mercy. Forest trees were uprooted, Indians afterward followed new stream chasms for many miles in their canoes, and hills fell into creeks and damned them. The quake centered in the St. Lawrence, but it broke chimney-tops in Boston." . . .

The foregoing is a moderate picture of the exact happenings to be expected in Manhattan if this congested part of North America begins to "work" the way North Carolina did in 1886, at the time when Charleston was ruined. The analogies are drawn from the recent disaster in Japan.

The gigantic American cataclysms were in 1663, 1811, 1886, and 1906, and the big Boston earthquake occurred in 1755. These disasters were scattered over river basins and shore lines. They affected the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, Boston Bay, the Carolina coast, and the California coast. As yet the Hudson, Delaware, Susquehanna, and Connecticut basins have not had their turns at big earthquakes. The big five mentioned were all at different places averaging 50 or more years apart.

Taking the whole of North America and coming to the present century we have had eight tremendous earthquakes since 1898, in Alaska, California, Guatemala, Mexico, Costa Rica, Jamaica, and Porto Rico, averaging four and a half years apart for the 26 years.

The evolution or progress of increasingly intense catastrophes is due to the outward spread of population in the world, not to the increased earthquake—or eruption—frequency. Martinique killed 30,000, Messina killed 130,000, Tokyo killed 400,000. Martinique destroyed perhaps fifty million dollars of capital, San Francisco five hundred million, Tokyo five thousand million.

In the last 21 years 11 great disasters were the earthquakes of San Francisco, Valparaiso, Kingston, Messina, Cartago, Guatemala, Avezzano, and Tokyo, and the volcanic eruptions of the Caribee Islands, Vesuvius, and Sakurajima. Lives lost have averaged 30,000 per year and property destroyed \$500,000,000 per year. Six of these cataclysms were in American lands, three were Japanese, and two were Italian.

Any of the Pacific cities may get another big earthquake and fire; the streets are full of motor-cars, dangerous containers of gasoline, that block the firemen; and no one can say that New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, or Washington is geologically immune to such happenings as the Charleston earthquake of 1886.

The great volcanic forces of na-

ture, aided by high winds, do most of their damage by fire. Prevent the fires and half the battle is won. Kingston, Jamaica, has enforced a vigorous earthquake building code. Martinique has abandoned St. Pierre. Japan in 1914 saved everybody from the volcano Sakurajima, thanks to science and the St. Pierre lesson.

Conflagrations in the United States costing from ten to three hundred and fifty million dollars each have happened 11 times in 80 years, whereas the volcanic disasters have happened 11 times in 21 years.

It is just as certain as the sunrise that New York, St. Louis, and Denver will have their geophysical laboratories within a few decades, because science is microscoping everything, and the Tokyo disaster has awakened science to the need for microscoping earth movements. Already General Wood has appointed a commission in the Philippines to study preparedness and engineering precautions against any possible catastrophe at Manila. The Manila Observatory has long been famous for its studies of typhoons, volcanoes, and earthquakes. A year and a half before the earthquake that destroyed Tokyo and Yokohama, Professor Omori, the great Japanese seismologist, wrote warnings that Tokyo Bay might recommence its seismic activity and produce a strong earthquake. [Mr. Jaggar mentions other earthquakes and volcanic eruptions which had been predicted accurately by scientists.]

Be it understood that the story of the New York earthquake of 1932 is a pipe-dream and seems nonsense in 1924. So would have been an imaginary picture in 1900 of what is now commonplace in aviation and radio. And finally, if an imaginary forecast had been written in 1900 depicting St. Pierre, San Francisco, Valparaiso, Kingston, Guatemala, Messina, Avezzano, Tokyo, and Yokohama all crushed and bleeding within 23 years, it would have been branded as the raving of a madman.

Trade Practices Under Surveillance

Condensed Excerpts from *The Nation's Business*

*Not everyone is familiar with the work of the Federal Trade Commission. This board is constantly issuing findings and orders in consideration of complaints proceeding from unfair trade practices, of which the following are but typical examples. That the Commission is kept busy is evidenced by the wide scope of its decisions, the most important of which are published each month in *The Nation's Business*.*

WHEAT of a quality below specifications was shipped to foreign customers by an exporting company of New York, asserts the Commission. The company cited shipped wheat containing quantities of chaff, straw, weed seeds, sand and other "foreign substances." According to the citation, the company's acts have the capacity and tendency to injure the reputation and business of persons in the United States who are competing with this company in export trade, and to bring into disrepute in foreign countries competitors of this company.

The word "naphtha" must not be used in connection with the advertisement and sale of soap products that do not contain at least one per cent of naphtha, rules the Commission in an order issued to a Cincinnati company. None of the products mentioned in the complaint contained naphtha, asserts the Commission.

Packing butter in short weight units is charged against a creamery company. Butter is packed in units weighing respectively $3\frac{1}{2}$, 7 ounces, and 14 ounces in packages having the general appearance of those used by competitors, and in which there are packed units of butter weighing 4 ounces, 8 ounces and 16 ounces. Al-

though there is ostensible compliance with the law by marking exact weight of the contents on the cartons—that is, 14 ounces, ultimate purchasers of separate units do not customarily see the carton, and therefore are deceived into thinking that they are getting full 4 and 8 ounce units, says the Commission.

No other concern may simulate in details of shape, style, plan or ornamentation, or general appearance of the fountain pens manufactured by the Conklin Pen Co., is the order directed to two business men of Toledo.

The Commission has issued an order which requires a New York firm to discontinue using the words "English broadcloth" as a label or brand for shirts or other garments unless the garments are made from broadcloth made in and imported from England. The firm's method of labeling, the Commission believes, deceived the purchasing public and was unfair to certain of the firm's competitors.

Labeling an article with fictitious prices at which it is not intended that the article is to be sold is held by the Commission to be an unfair business practice. Accordingly, a prohibitory order has been issued against a manufacturer of fountain pens. The firm, the Commission explains, manufactured a certain style of pen on which it placed labels bearing the price of \$10, which was later changed to \$6.50. The pens were sold to jobbers who marketed them to retailers, and they were ultimately bought by the public at prices ranging from \$2 to \$3 for each pen. The findings assert that the resale prices placed on the pens enable retail dealers to defraud the purchasing public by representing that such pens are of high

grade, and reasonably worth the fictitious prices placed on them.

Discontinuance of the words "two-ply" or "three-ply" in connection with the advertisement and sale of roofing material composed of only one thickness is required of a manufacturer of roofing material.

Four Philadelphia concerns selling furniture at retail are cited for unfair methods of competition in separate complaints issued by the Commission. The complaints allege in each instance that the firms use various false statements in advertising matter to the effect that their customers in buying from them deal direct with the manufacturers, thereby saving the middlemen's profit.

Enforcement of price maintenance systems is charged against two manufacturers of cosmetics, one in New York City and one in La Crosse, Wisconsin. The Commission complains that the firms in cooperation with dealers handling their products adopted and maintained a system of fixing certain uniform prices at which their products shall be resold. The complaint recites numerous methods used by the firms in the enforcement of their price systems, among which are—soliciting from dealers reports of failure of other dealers to observe and maintain their resale prices; employing salesmen to obtain information as to the failure of any dealer to observe their resale prices.

Putting red centers in chocolate candy to win prizes for customers suggests lottery to the Commission, and it has issued a complaint against a Cleveland manufacturer. The candies containing red centers when sold entitle the purchaser to a prize of a bar of candy valued at five cents. The complaint alleges that the prizes are given by chance or lottery, and induces the general public to buy the manufacturer's chocolate creams in preference to similar candy of his competitors.

Price competition on staple items of stationery has been greatly decreased and prices to the consumer have been unreasonably advanced,

charges the Commission in issuing a complaint against a national association of stationers and manufacturers, and 22 sectional associations. The members of the several associations, according to the complaint, dominate the manufacture and the wholesale and retail trade in stationers' goods in the United States. The complaint alleges that there is a combination entered into and continued with the purpose of suppressing competition in interstate commerce in the wholesale and retail trade in stationery goods, and of enhancing the prices of stationery goods. Charges were also made that competing manufacturers were induced to standardize and make uniform net prices on various staple items of stationery, and to fix and maintain resale prices on their items.

A concern engaged in the manufacture of sweaters has been charged with simulation of a competitor's company name and trademark.

A Wisconsin wholesale grocers' association is ordered by the Commission to discontinue the practice of inducing, influencing or coercing manufacturers to guarantee their goods against price decline. The order specifies that the following practices be discontinued: distributing communications indicating preferential patronage of the association's members for manufacturers guaranteeing against decline in price; the urging and requesting association members to make concerted protest and solicitation to manufacturers who do not guarantee against decline; the soliciting of names and information concerning manufacturers who do and those who do not guarantee the prices of their commodities against decline, and causing the names and policy of the former to be published and distributed among the members of the association.

A Chicago manufacturer of soap is charged with branding some of its products in a manner to mislead the purchasing public into the belief that they are purchasing genuine castile soap when such is not the fact.

The Story of a Dying Hero

Condensed from Hearst's International (October '24)

Paul H. de Kruij

THIS is the story of the great advances made by Doctor Henry W. Janeway in the radium treatment of cancer in others—while his own cancer was slowly gnawing into him. It has killed him; but he won his race, for his untiring work brought the radium treatment to a stage where it has saved hundreds of lives, where presently it will save thousands and hundreds of thousands of lives, where it may soon replace the dreaded knife as the real hope in many forms of this disease.

A little while after his graduation from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York Janeway had an operation that took away part of his upper jaw along with the cancerous tumor. Janeway was face to face with a real struggle for life, for no one could be sure that all the dread cancer cells had been removed. But his fate, instead of driving him to a whining invalidism, urged him forward to the study of cancer in others.

In obscurity in the City Hospital on Blackwell's Island in New York, Janeway began to do research on cancer, to publish keen papers on the early diagnosis of cancer. Then a benevolent railroad man named Douglas decided to give a million dollars for the fight against cancer. He gave it to the Cornell University Medical School and this institution took over the Memorial Hospital for the treatment of cancer. Doctor James Ewing, famous pathologist, was made director of research. Ewing had read Janeway's papers; he hired him and told him that in a little while there would be four hundred thousand dollars' worth of radium at their disposal.

Early in his studies Janeway

grasped one fundamental fact—that cancer cells succumb to radium more easily than do normal healthy cells. So if you only knew enough about radium and the way to apply it, you might give the patient a dose that would murder the cancer but leave the rest of his body unharmed.

Janeway knew that cancers of the lip were of all cancers the most easy to treat by surgery. Would radium cure lip cancer as easily as operations? Two things he knew to be necessary. You must not use too much radium or you will burn the healthy tissue of your patient; you may make his cancer worse, you may kill him. Secondly, you must get radium to every part of the tumor.

To do this Janeway invented an ingenious mold, made of the modeling compound that dentists use to take impressions of teeth. He thus got an exact model of the shape of the cancer. Then on the inside of this model he put numerous tiny tubes of radium, and afterward carefully fitted the model back on the tumor on the patient's lip. In this way he produced a murderous radium cross-fire through the whole mass of the cancer.

The results were remarkable. The tumors faded away, and so thorough was the radium exposure that very few of the cancers came back. The advantage of a single dose of radium over surgery in lip cancer was plain. In surgery a large V-shaped chunk has to be taken out of the lip, leaving an ugly deformity. Another great advantage of radium treatment is that it is *much easier to get a patient with a beginning cancer to come and have a short exposure to radium, than it is to get him to have a large piece taken out of his lip.*

Now Janeway went after the deeper cancers. He concentrated his next experiments on cancer of the tongue, which was almost invariably fatal after it had got a little start. The problem was to get radium to cancer of the tongue. Presently he seized on an idea that had been suggested a long time before by Duane. This scientist proposed to substitute the gas of radium for the solid radium. You can measure the gas accurately and so avoid overdosing your patient. By a delicate technique Janeway made very tiny glass tubes, less than an eighth of an inch long and about a hundredth of an inch thick. Each one of these little tubes contained a very small but definite amount of radium gas. Then by a simple instrument he injected numbers of these little tubes throughout the entire mass of the tongue cancer—and left them there.

At once he began to have brilliant results. Instead of the short exposure to rays possible by the old methods, the little buried tubes shot out their cancer-killing rays for eight or nine days. Many apparently hopeless cancers of the tongue disappeared completely, their victims were snatched from death, and many of them are alive today. Then he applied the same method successfully to cancer of the tonsil, which surgeons almost always considered it useless to operate upon and invariably fatal. But most important of all was his success in the treatment of cancer of the neck of the womb, that scourge of women.

This dread disease of women had been treated almost entirely by a devastating and radical operation, which itself killed a large proportion of the women who risked it. Between the years 1915 and 1920 Janeway and his associates treated 34 cases of early cancer of the womb with radium. 23 of these are alive and well today! And even in the large number of cases that came so late that surgeons refused to operate on them, Janeway's new method of burying radium tubes caused complete disappearance of the tumor in

many, and some of these tumors have remained away for five years. And these were hopeless cases! Best of all, the death rate from the radium treatment is exactly nil.

By now Janeway's astounding cures had silenced the opposition of those who had at first scorned him. It was Ewing, great authority on cancer and hard-boiled survivor of many cancer-cure crazes, who confirmed his results. But in the midst of this great success he was coming to the end of his tether. Throughout his years of unceasing work in behalf of others he had been operated on fifteen times in vain efforts to get rid of his tumor.

One of Janeway's last attempts was the most daring of his twenty years' work. Everyone knows about the dreaded cancer of the stomach, killing its 30,000 a year in our land alone. Janeway conceived the idea of opening the abdomen of the patient, exposing the cancer, and planting his tiny tubes. He found a patient with hopeless cancer of the stomach who was willing to submit to the attempt. The operation was done. Steadily the large tumor disappeared, but two weeks later the patient died. A post-mortem was made by Doctor Ewing, who found that the tumor had been completely destroyed! It was probable that the dose of radium had been a little too high; but the daring attempt showed what might be done—what surely will be done in cancer of the stomach when this method is brought to perfection by Janeway's followers.

Already this scheme, of operation plus radium, is having great success in cancer of the bladder, in the hands of Barringer, one of his associates. These splendid results, and many others, in different kinds of cancer, were published in the Radium Report of the Memorial Hospital for 1924. They were published by Janeway's followers, but they were not read by Janeway. Early in 1921 his relentless enemy began to creep into the base of his brain, and, tired of his fight, he sought his bed for his last rest.

Around the World By Air

Condensed from The Scientific American (October '24)

Lt. Corley P. McDarment

IT is well known that men can go places where mere machines cannot begin to go, but so persistently has science worked at the perfection of every machine of travel that now vehicles are rapidly coming up to the man standard. The outstanding lesson of the Flight Around the World is that better equipment will make the air routes entirely practicable.

It is highly interesting to note how well the airplanes stood the extremes of climate. From the bitter cold of the Alaskan peninsula where the ice formed six inches thick on the airplane wings to the heat of the Orient, all within a few days, is a thing that calls for admiration of the man-made machines. The quick change from the extremes of temperature was very trying upon the physical strength of the pilots, and it is remarkable that the motors with all the valve clearances and other adjustments that are made to the thousandth of an inch, should stand the strain. Lt. Smith reported the weather at Aleppo, Syria, 110 degrees in the shade. Portions of the flight were made with rain falling in sheets. When the aviators started from Ambala, India, to Karachi, a slight drizzle was falling and it was expected that the planes would soon outrun the rain, but instead a great rainstorm was encountered through which the aviators pushed toward their goal using their instruments to guide them over the plains to the sea. When 80 miles out of Karachi, Lt. Nelson's motor began throwing water. There was no good place to stop so he pushed on with the other two airplanes. Upon landing he found a cracked cylinder. In the town was an extra motor with twelve good cylinders

and it took but little time to put in a new one and take the air again for points further west.

When approaching Tokio, Lt. Smith made a landing at sea, effected a repair and took up his flight again. It is not often that a ship at sea can stop, make her own repairs and then proceed under her own power. One reason for the success of the world flight has been the mechanical efficiency of the aviators. Each one of the pilots is as good an airplane mechanician as he is a pilot. Lt. Erik Nelson has frequently been mentioned as the most expert airplane mechanician in the whole world, and as the flight has been largely an engineering feat, his advice and consultation with the other aviators was carefully heeded. Nearly all aviators who have been flying for several years are excellent airplane mechanics. This is true because their lives have so often depended upon the motor, that this piece of machinery has been studied with great care. The aviators on the world flight are men who know at the first miss of a motor whether it is from a serious cause or not, and consequently whether an immediate landing should be made.

Another phase in equipment necessary for continued flights like the one around the world is communication. Not enough weather stations are located along the route of flight to furnish the exact weather condition. When Lt. Smith led the flight out across the Pacific ocean toward the shores of Japan, he had received favorable weather reports. But somewhere out over the water a snowstorm was raging. The flight in due time met this storm. Then ensued a wonderful piece of navigating. The flight commander gave

a signal to change the course to the northwest instead of the southwest where they were then heading; they flew before the storm and struck the little Bering Islands in the mid Pacific. Here they anchored in a sheltered bay, but outside the three mile limit, and waited for the storm to subside after which they continued on to Japan. Better weather reports would have prevented running into the storm.

Absolutely the greatest thing to insure safety on a flight like this is radio direction finding. The fog and snowstorms that blind an aviator would offer little peril if he could only know his bearings. Motors run well in fogs and fogs are usually free from wind. Unfortunately radio is not widely enough established to offer aid at the present time except over limited areas. The airplanes used on the world flight could not have carried the finding equipment because of its weight. When Lt. Nelson plowed through a dense fog on August 2 on his memorable flight from England to Iceland, he would have been aided by radio. As it was he arranged for the ships at sea over which he flew to point him directly for the goal in order to check his compass. When on the following day, Lt. Wade was forced down 115 miles at sea with a broken oil pump, his location could have been more easily found by radio. But that is a matter that will be worked out later. Lt. Wade's descent in the North Atlantic harks back to Major Martin's forced landing in Portage Bay, Alaska. Wade knew of the poor success of the signal pistol, hence carried a loud pistol which he fired and attracted the attention of a passing trawler, which came to his aid.

The navigating problems of the World Flight have been nicely met. Lt. Smith stated upon his arrival in London that he had landed at no place on the whole 19,000 miles, over 20 countries, where he had not intended to land. This in itself was quite a feat and it is difficult for a flyer in

America to fly from New York to San Francisco for the first time over the country, and not land somewhere and ask his whereabouts. Sometimes aviators get lost flying between New York and Washington when driven from their regular course by fogs or rain.

The drift indicator was a valuable instrument for navigation during the world flight. While crossing the Pacific, the aviators threw out smoke bombs and watched the drift of the smoke along the center wire of the indicator to determine the direction of the wind and its strength. This was necessary to check up on the drift. The sextant is an instrument that is destined to be very important in future aerial navigation, for as the world flight has shown, many miles must be flown above fogs or clouds that obscure the earth. On the route to Iceland, Lt. Nelson flew above the fog a large part of the way. By reading the angle of the celestial bodies with a sextant, very accurate locations have been made from airplanes. The most noted example was the case of Admiral Couthino of the Portuguese Navy who led his plane to St. Paul's Rocks after more than 11 hours flying from Cape Verdes. He took 40 observations from his plane and just at sunset came upon the little islands that are only 20 feet above the water and a few hundred feet wide. The American aviators practiced for many days in the accurate use of sextant, and their work was not in vain.

The airplanes flying around the world also carried turn and bank indicators. When the ground or horizon cannot be seen, the directions of up and down are lost to the human senses. But with instruments an airplane may be flown safely when the horizon is obscured by fog, rain or darkness. The turn indicator is operated by a small wind-driven gyroscope and whenever the airplane turns from a set course, a lever engages a cog which operates a pointer and the pilot can put the plane back on the course. The banking indicator operates on an inertial basis. Whenever an airplane is turned gently, or with the proper amount of speed, the pointer remains at zero.

"There Is No God but God"

Condensed from Asia (October '24)

Paul Harrison

IN inland Arabia the roll is called at early morning prayers. Any man who is absent is hunted up and hailed before the judge. He may be excused on account of illness, but, if he was simply too lazy to get up in time, he is publicly beaten. A few years ago one man was hanged on a high gallows and his body left as an example, because he had gone into hiding and absented himself from prayers for a week.

The name of God is on every Arab's lips continually. The commonest affirmative reply in Arabia is "*In shal-lah*"—"If God wills." News either good or bad is met with "*El hamdu allah!*"—"Praise the Lord!" Every book must begin, "In the name of God, the merciful and compassionate." This is no less true of religious disquisitions than of stories beside which the worst products of Paris and New York are clean and wholesome tales.

The Arabs have overwhelmingly religious minds. Nothing surprises a Westerner more than the time they spend in prayer. Long before he is willing to get up in the morning, they are praying. The orthodox pray five times a day, from 15 to 20 minutes each time. Two hours before sunrise, at noon, two hours before sunset, and two hours after sunset, the ritual must be observed. Ablutions, in water or, if no water is available, in sand, are required before the prayers. The richest cannot escape from prayer time and the poorest is not excused. Shops close. All mundane activities cease. The most important business of life is to pray.

Prayers may be performed at home, but it is reckoned much more meritorious to pray with the congregation in the mosque. Line behind

line the hundreds of worshipers stand and kneel and prostrate themselves together, and, as the leader who intones the prayer ends each paragraph, they respond with a deep, musical "A-me'en," which sounds almost like the tone of a great organ. I know of few more impressive sights than sunset prayers, either out under the open sky in the limitless desert or in the large city mosque. The master is there with his slave. The scholar touches elbows with a Bedouin who can neither read nor write. The richest man stands next to one who is just out of jail for debt. This is the ordinary thing. It would surprise any of them to be told that there are places in this world where men persist in their conceits and divisions even when in the presence of the omnipotent God.

Next to prayer, the most important religious duty in Arabia is fasting. Every Mohammedan must fast during the lunar month called Ramadan. By fasting the Arab means abstinence from all food, drink and tobacco from the time in the morning when a black thread can be distinguished from a white one until sunset. During the night, however, men may eat and drink. The bazar is frequently open and brilliantly illuminated all night long.

Ramadan is a time of great hardship, especially for cultivators and other working-men, who are often most scrupulous in its observance. Doing heavy work under an almost tropical sun all day long without food or drink is an indication of genuine religious zeal.

The Arab regards almsgiving as the third sign of a really religious man. Merit lies in feeding any beggar, however undeserving. Some rich merchants of Bahrein distribute a re-

ligious tithe among the poor each year. On the day of the distribution, traffic in the neighborhood of any benevolent merchant's office is blocked for several squares. Poor women receive much of this money. The crippled and the blind receive considerable amounts. Indeed, blind beggars, of whom there are always many, usually appear to be the fattest members of an Arab community. The evils of such a system need no emphasis, but its virtues are not to be lightly passed over. Every oriental community contains many who must beg. It is a rare thing indeed for any Arab man or woman to come to actual hunger, and starvation is unknown.

The pious Mohammedan, moved by the vision of God's omnipotence and men's equality, frequently adds a neighborliness that gives Westerners not a little to imitate. A retired and broken business man of Bahrein was once a patient in the Mission Hospital. For years he had been the leading business man of the city, but in an evil moment he took up pearl-brokerage, and in a few years he was penniless. Nevertheless, during his illness, he was visited with great faithfulness by many of his old friends. His debts were overwhelming. He could not meet them by hundreds of thousands of dollars, but his friends arranged matters so that on the settling up of his affairs he still had some \$30,000 with which to maintain himself and to start his children in business.

Even in his casual relationships the Arab is very anxious not to inflict pain or discomfort. He will tell a lie rather than wound the feelings of a chance acquaintance. A sick man is assured within five minutes of his death that he is looking better. The traveler across the desert is told that the day's journey is almost in sight. The doctor, asking where a patient lives, is assured that the house is near by, even though it may be five miles off. But there is something to be said for this attitude

of mercy. . . . The Arab understands far better than we do what Christ meant when he said, "Blessed are the merciful."

Every good Moslem must also "testify" in season and out of season to his belief in God and the Prophet. The regular formula, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is the apostle of God," must be on his lips continually.

To these four "pillars" of religion—prayer, fasting, almsgiving, recital of the creed—must be added a fifth, namely, the pilgrimage to Mecca. Every Mohammedan who is able, is expected to make this pilgrimage at least once. It usually takes nearly six months' time and is for rich and poor alike a great expense and burden. Nevertheless, the number of pilgrims is enormous. It is claimed that in one season there may be 150,000. The man who has made the pilgrimage has gained a master's degree in the greatest fraternity in the world. He may spend the rest of his days in jail for debt. He may be decapitated for murder. But he stands before the most exalted ruler, as before the meanest citizen, on a plane of special honor.

Moslems are fortunate in possessing the shortest and most powerful confession of faith in the world—"There is no God but God!" No small part of the great strength of Islam is to be found in this creed, at once so simple that a five-year-old child can understand it and so profound that the theologian after a lifetime of study has not exhausted it. "There is no God but God!" is a chant by which laborers build a wall. It is the war-song by which soldiers march to battle. It is the lullaby by which mothers sing their sick babies to sleep. Largely by means of it the God of the Koran has come to be the very core of the mental and spiritual life of the blind beggar of the streets, the howling dervish, the Indian Moslem graduate of Oxford and the Wahabi chief.

(To be continued)

Reader's Digest Service

Rotten Boroughs

Condensed from *The American Mercury* (October '24)

Orville A. Welsh

ONE man, one vote: it seems to be one of the fundamental axioms of the American system of government. But it is certainly not followed in practice. The barren State of Nevada, as everyone knows, has just as many Senators as the State of New York.

So, too, in the States themselves. In nearly all of them, where there are any cities at all, the cities suffer to the advantage of the rural districts. It takes two, or five, or ten city votes in the Legislatures to equal one country vote. All this we inherit from the rotten-borough system that flourished in England at the time the State and federal Constitutions were framed. Before the Reform Bill of 1832, towns that had decayed to a few houses returned two members to Parliament, while big cities that had sprung up from nothing had no representation at all. In England most of these inequalities are now abolished, but in America they still linger.

Rhode Island is, of course, the extreme example. The State constitution of 1842 provides that each town shall have one member of the Senate and one only. One such town is Providence, with 237,595 population. Another is West Greenwich with 367. Eleven cities with a total population of 501,362, are outvoted by 13 rural towns, with a gross population of 17,807. Of the 11 cities, 8 return Democratic Senators. The 13 towns return 11 Republicans. Hence, the Republicans control the Senate in perpetuity by means of these rotten boroughs. But Governor Flynn, a Democrat, was elected in 1922 by a plurality of 7,211 over the Republican.

Next door to Rhode Island is Connecticut, with a proportion of urban

dwellers to rustics of about two to one. Each Connecticut town still has two members of the House—Union, with 257 souls, equally with New Haven, which has 162,537. The Anti-Daylight Saving Act, under which anyone who displays a time-piece in public which is an hour ahead of Standard Time is subject to fine and imprisonment, is Connecticut's extreme example of rural legislation.

New Hampshire is the only State retaining the constitutional convention as the only device for making amendments to the State constitution. To such a convention every town, regardless of size, sends one delegate. So every proposal to reduce the numerical strength of the House of Representatives, except on a plan that does all the reducing in the cities, has been beaten. The New Hampshire House of Representatives, with 417 members, is the largest of any State, and until recently outnumbered even Congress.

In Vermont representation in the Assembly is on a town basis, as in Connecticut. In 1910, ten little towns with 3.6 per cent of the State's population were equal in voting strength to ten big towns with 27.3 per cent.

In New Jersey the country districts control by virtue of the constitutional provision that each county shall have one Senator, and one only. Twelve rural counties, with 586,975 population, outvote nine urban counties, with 2,568,255.

In Delaware, the city of Wilmington, with 50 per cent of the population has only a 13.5 per cent representation in the Assembly. In Maryland, Baltimore has more than half the State's population. Yet Baltimore has but a 28.57 per cent voting

representation on joint ballot in the Assembly. The city pays most of the State taxes, but receives only about two-fifths of the road and school funds.

Ohio, which is 63.8 per cent urban, suffers severely from the refusal of the politically dominant rural groups to permit tax reforms for the relief of the cities. As a result the Ohio cities are chronically broke, and Toledo last Summer, facing a deficit of half a million dollars, was forced to lay off all its municipal employees, from the Mayor down.

In Michigan, one district in Wayne County, which has 300,000 population, sends only one member to the House, but pays more taxes than the entire upper peninsula of 15 counties, which sends 11 members. Wayne County, which includes Detroit, has about a third of the State's residents, but gets only five of the 32 Senate seats and only 14 of the 100 House seats. There has been no reapportionment since 1903, due to the failure of the Legislature to act, although the constitution makes a reapportionment mandatory every ten years. Detroit is turning to the initiative and referendum, under which its votes will carry weight.

In Illinois it is a political axiom that one vote on the farm equals five in Chicago. There has been no reapportionment in 24 years, although ten years is the period named by the constitution. The city of Chicago is held to a bonded indebtedness so low as to block municipal improvements. The Legislature must approve every city loan in the form of bonds.

In Missouri, three cities, St. Louis, Kansas City and St. Joseph, have 34.5 per cent of the population, but only 26.4 per cent of the Senate votes and 20 per cent of the votes in the House. The police departments of the three cities are governed by commissioners appointed by the Governor, but the municipal councils must pay for them. There has been no change in legislative representation since 1901, although the constitution provides for a re-

apportionment after each national census.

Omaha, the only large city in Nebraska, has long been a victim of rural control. Only three years ago did Omaha obtain any degree of home rule. Prior to that time the Legislature fixed the number and the pay of the city's policemen and firemen, and the State ran the police and fire departments through a board appointed by the Governor. The State still keeps jurisdiction over the street railway and telephone system.

In the State of Washington, counties with less than a third of the population control both houses of the Legislature. There has been no reapportionment since 1901, although the constitution provides that not only should there be a reapportionment after each federal census, but that a State census should be taken between times, and that apportionment for both the House and the Senate should be made anew every five years. Legislators from country districts have effectively blocked every attempt at reapportionment since 1901. The 42nd district in Seattle, with more than 100,000 population and casting over 35,000 votes in 1920, has but two representatives in the House—the same number as Jefferson county with its 1,977 votes. As in Ohio and Michigan, the cities' only recourse has been to the initiative and referendum.

Fourteen times since its adoption in Washington acts of the Legislature have been stopped from going into effect until submitted to the voters. Thirteen of these bills were defeated, generally by overwhelming vote, at the general election, with one vote for every man. Now the cities are starting to use the initiative, instead of wasting time with the Legislature.

In short, in the Legislature of practically every State the country districts are in control absolutely. And there is no constitutional way, in most States, to break their hold. If they are ever dethroned, it must be by their own consent—and they show no sign of consenting. Meanwhile, the greatest free democracy in the world labors under a legislative system that would be regarded with amazement and horror in every civilized country of Europe.

The Dawn of Rural Industrialism

Condensed from Hearst's International (August '24)

Allan L. Benson

FARMERS are beginning to take current from the power lines that run past their places and turn it to manufacturing.

The big electric companies realize what a tremendous piece of news this is. Mr. Theodore Beran, New York District Manager of the General Electric Company, says: *"It is believed that this newly developed field of electricity will ultimately result in as complete an industrial revolution in the United States as the industrial revolution in England that followed the introduction of the steam engine."*

As illustrations of what rural residents are beginning to do, Mr. Beran mentions three country power developments in the East. "A young man in a small New England village invested lately in three lathes and set himself up in the business of manufacturing wooden heels for women's shoes. Another man in the country not far from there went into the business of manufacturing lace. I know of a farmer who fixed up an old barn, engaged ten country girls to run the machines and began making shoe laces."

Here we see the beginning of the real electric age. Manufacturing industries use practically unlimited numbers of the small parts of which their products are composed. The making of these parts is what constitutes the opportunity for a tremendous amount of rural manufacturing in the country. There are about 8,000 parts, for instance, in a Ford car, most of which are small—little screws, bolts, angle-irons and so on. All of these parts, except a few that Ford makes in country factories of his own, were manufactured in cities where wages were

paid to workingmen that enabled them to pay the high costs of living.

Is it not plain that it will henceforth be more economical to manufacture enormous numbers of parts in the country? A farmer, let us say, buys and installs a machine to make screws of a certain size. He can afford to make the screws on his automatic machine for much less than a city laborer because the city laborer is compelled to pay \$20 or \$30 a month for rooms in which to live and high prices for everything his family eats. The farmer pays no additional rent merely because he makes screws as a side-line. For that matter, many a good farm of 60 or 80 acres, with buildings, can be rented for less than the city workman pays for his rooms. The farmer's living costs him less because he raises a good deal of it in his garden and his orchards. Moreover, the farmer who takes up manufacturing on the side is converting into money time that would otherwise be practically wasted.

Ford says farming should be done in 20 days a year. Certainly all of the winter and most of the rainy days are unproductive. Farmers really are engaged in productive labor only in the seasons of planting, tilling and harvesting.

We may be sure that Mr. Beran is quite within the facts when he prophesies an industrial revolution as great as that made by steam. When farmers turn to manufacturing and offer to make parts for less than they can be made in the cities, they are going to get the work. All that a farmer needs to do is to go to Ford or somebody else who has use for an unlimited number of screws, bolts or some similar thing, get an

order, install an automatic machine in the barn, tap the wire that passes the house, turn on the current and feed the raw material into the machine. Anybody can get an order from Ford or anybody else for anything he wants, the price of which is less than he is now paying for it. And the rural worker, using electricity, can underbid the world at his kind of manufacturing. This will be a good thing for the farmer, who will thus be able to add several hundred dollars a year to his income. Twice a year the nature of his work will be changed. That will keep life from becoming hum-drum.

Of course, blast furnaces and other heavy industries that require the labor of many men will remain in the cities, but there will always be plenty of work that can be done in the country. Farmers who have a lot of scrub timber will work it up into hammer handles to be sold in ten-cent stores. Those who cannot supply their own raw material will have to go to town and get it. Ford has a little plant 20 miles out of Detroit that runs a month on a wagon-load of iron rods. These rods are converted into screws. Ford says these country plants produce some of the best materials that go into his car.

Everyone knows that the farmer at present is in a sad plight. Now take a common sense view of the matter and ask yourself what is the matter. Is it not plain that the farmer is being ruined by trying to sell on a glutted market? Is not his market becoming more glutted as invention and the use of mechanical power increase the amount of food that each farmer can produce? Forget all of the silly laws discussed in Washington for the relief of the farmers and face the fact that the productivity of farm labor has become so great that those on the farms can produce more than the world can eat and that farm produce is always sold on a glutted market.

The writer does not overlook the fact that selfish interests are making a bad matter worse by exploiting the farmers, and this exploitation should, of course, be stopped, though it will not be. But if there were no exploitation at all, how happy would be the lot of the farmer if he were compelled to continue to raise more than the world needs and offer his produce for sale on a glutted market? Try this on your own business and see how you would like it.

When the census for 1790 was taken, 97 per cent of the people were engaged in agriculture. Each group of 97 on the farms, working before the age of steam and without machinery, could raise only enough to support themselves and 3 others in the city. In 1920, approximately 30 of each 100 of our population tilled the soil, raised enough for themselves, for 70 others in the cities, and had a surplus that they were trying to sell abroad.

Cheap agricultural implements have increased productivity to this extent. Nobody could eat more than he ever did, but each farmer could raise more. And Professor Davidson of the Iowa Agricultural College says that in ten years the present labor requirement for crop production may be reduced one-half by the further application of electricity and labor-saving machinery. Last year more than a million units of power machinery moved onto the farm, among which were 200,000 tractors. With productivity further increased, how glutted will be the farmer's market, what will become of his prices, how many more farmers will lose their farms and be compelled to work in the cities?

There is no doubt that farmers have a real problem to solve. And it seems likely that the electrical age now being ushered in will offer a solution to many farmers, in enabling them to conduct small-scale manufacturing enterprises on their farms.

Common Sense and Criminal Law

Condensed from *The Outlook* (September 24, '24)

P. W. Wilson

THE trial of Leopold and Loeb has deeply stirred the public opinion of the United States. In 1923 there were 10,000 criminal homicides in this country, or 50 times as many as in Great Britain, with less than half the population. In addition, the number of suicides is at the rate of a further 10,000 a year. It is a fearful mortality for the richest nation in the world.

It happens that we can see by an actual case precisely how English law would have dealt with the Chicago murder. On May 1 an attendant at Waterloo Station, London, noticed blood on a handbag there deposited. He informed the police. Detectives watched the office. On May 2 a man—Mahon—claimed the bag. He was taken to the police station, where, in his presence, the bag was opened. It contained woman's clothing and gruesome fragments. After an hour, during which there was no attempt to cross-examine the man, he volunteered a statement. He was warned that what he said might be used as evidence against him, but he knew well that he could not longer keep back the truth from the police. He wrote and signed a confession, admitting that, at a bungalow near Eastbourne, he had violently quarreled with a woman living there with him, that she had attacked him with an ax and that in self-defense he had killed her in a struggle.

I do not say that there is never an attempt by the English police to draw a confession from a prisoner. But I have never heard of a process even remotely approximating to the third degree. British justice means a trial wholly public. The alternative method of private inquisition,

whether it be by prolonged questions by alienists or any other method, is regarded in Britain as a survival of the bad practices of Continental despotism. It happened that this prisoner had an evil record. The fact was suppressed absolutely until the jury had delivered its verdict and the judge had passed sentence. The prisoner's parentage or what psychologists thought of his mentality had nothing whatever to do with the hearings. He was a citizen, held to be responsible as such to the state.

Another point is this—from the moment that a crime was suspected it was the aim of all concerned to prevent trial by newspaper. The police at the inquest intervened between the prisoner and the cameras. And with the arrest and charge of murder the case became *sub judice* and any comment upon it would have brought a newspaper at once under risk of summons for contempt of court. A heavy fine or imprisonment would have been ordered, without the slightest hope of a successful appeal.

The publicity promoted by the interviews with counsel, with judges, with the police, with relatives, with the prisoner, is either cut out entirely or reduced to a minimum. And with this vitally important result: it is only through a report of the legal proceedings that the public can reach the facts. Instead of a crime being everything and the trial of the prisoner, with his punishment, a mere paragraph and postscript, there is no full account of the crime, except as a narrative of retribution. You cannot read of the offense without appreciating the guilt of it. The extraordinary gravity of homicide is driven home to old and young alike.

On July 16, at the Sussex Assizes, the prisoner was tried. The trial lasted five days. The judge was of the High Court, removable only by joint resolution of both houses of Parliament. His salary is the same as the Prime Minister's, and in addition, he is assured of a handsome pension on retirement. He is appointed, not elected; and he need not worry over re-election.

Mere dilatory tactics by the defense would have had no chance of success. Only three jury men were challenged. The prisoner, though admitting the act of homicide, pleaded "not guilty." Had he pleaded "guilty," there could have been no prolonged argument before the judge, as in the Chicago case. The sanity of the prisoner was assumed. And the fact that his ethics were perverted counted not in his favor, but against him.

A prisoner must be sane when tried and executed. If he be certified insane, he becomes at once a criminal lunatic, and is so sequestered in an institution. In a nutshell, England recognizes insanity as a valid defense when the insanity is genuine, but not as a pretext to be pleaded for the rich on terms which are beyond the means of the poor.

An English jury appointed to a murder trial may bring in one of three verdicts, namely, an acquittal, manslaughter, or murder. There are no degrees of murder as defined in England. That verdict involves a sentence of death. The judge may add a recommendation to mercy, but it is of no binding force. The judge must sentence and the King need not reprieve. In addition to the prerogative of mercy (exercised in the United States by the President and Governor), there is in England, as in other countries, a Court of Criminal Appeal. The grounds of appeal are severely restricted. They are broadly, a new fact, a lapse in law, an unfair instruction from the judge, or some such circumstance. The Court can order a new trial, but it tolerates no attempt to arrive at that result

by resort to immaterial technicalities. Appeals are disposed of within a month. There is no protracted delay over executions and no death-house is needed for numerous prisoners whose fate is uncertain. Execution is by the rope, and no more humane method has been devised.

A case of murder in England is taken seriously because England still hangs murderers. There is nothing remotely comparable with the statement, let us say, in the New York Times of Feb. 10, 1921, that out of 679 homicides in New York during the previous year only one perpetrator was brought to justice. There may be in England a difference of opinion over capital punishment. But the nation is determined that willful homicide shall be no joke. On Sept. 3—exactly four months after arrest—the bungalow murderer, Mahon, was hanged.

With regard to Leopold and Loeb, counsel would doubtless plead for mercy on the ground of youth. But one thing is certain: that plea would have been utterly stultified by the defiant and impudent demeanor of these prisoners themselves. Such an exhibition would have alarmed and angered everything that is responsible and authoritative in English public life, and we may take it for granted that judge and jury, with the nation behind them, would have decided to stamp upon a temper so cruel and so wicked. These degenerates (and all like them) would have known in advance that murder is something you cannot get away with.

What English experience has shown is that the reform of justice along simple unemotional lines does, of itself, diminish crime. No nostrum of psychology is effective compared with the time-honored policy of speedy arrest, public trial, rapid procedure, and, above all, certain punishment. It is only when punishment is assured and adequate that redemptive agencies can begin their task.

No Wonder They Want to Fight!

Condensed from *Collier's, The National Weekly* (September 13, '24)

William Cunningham

WHEN almost a hundred thousand Americans pay a million dollars in a season when business is bad to see a large Brunette stevedore commit legalized assault and battery upon a huge fur-bearing tourist from the Argentine, it is a significant fact. "Boxing contests" are here regardless of right or wrong, and are apparently growing in popular favor. Of the 23 fights of pugilistic history separately yielding more than \$100,000 at the turnstile 19 have been staged since the Armistice. Legalized, commission-ruled, big-scale boxing is strictly a post-war development.

Plagued by the police on both sides of the Atlantic since the dim days of Jim Figg, excoriated by reformers, and outlawed by legislation, boxing contests, in pure or camouflaged form, are today held in 33 states of the 48. In 15 of these glove fighting is just as legal as motoring, and like motoring is supervised by salaried state officials.

The present renaissance of pugilism is perhaps due largely to the tremendous publicity now given to fights and fighters. When Jim Corbett floored mighty John L. Sullivan at New Orleans in 1892, before what today seems a meager throng, American newspapers discovered to their frank amazement the circulation value of fight news.

Before that momentous contest, a stick of type on an inside page was the printed meed of the outlawed sport. Just 31 years later, in a \$500,000 stadium built for the event, Jack Dempsey sent his terrible fists crashing into the ribs of frail Georges Carpentier, "The Orchid Man" of France. Approximately 100,000 persons paid \$1,626,580 to

bank themselves to the skies about that scene and 600 of the highest paid news-writers of three continents wrote three million words. One reporter came from China, one from the Philippines. There were five from South America and 32 from the capitals of Europe.

When Firpo hacked the ancient Willard to his knees in the same ring two years later, 450 writing men told the story from the ringside. Almost 500 of them described how the embattled "Wild Bull of the Pampas" sent Dempsey sky-rocketing through the ropes two months later at the Polo Grounds, and as this article is being written Tex Rickard reports more than 600 requests for press privileges and special wires at the Firpo-Wills ringside.

What is the result?

First of all—amazing world-wide interest in a sport once outlawed or unknown. Before the newspapers began to stud their sport pages with fight news 20 or 30 years ago, boxing was unheard of outside England, Australia, and the United States. Today it is truly international. France, for example, has given us three world's champions, if Siki's name is included. Ireland, in McTigue, has provided another title holder. The Argentine contributed the burly Firpo, and Chile the giant Rojas and little Luis Vincentini. In Spain and Mexico the pugilist is beginning to vie with the matador for popular acclaim, and the native Italian champion, Ermindo Spalla, is in our midst questing earnestly for decisions and dollars.

Canadian Jack Renault is a possible successor to Dempsey. The Canal Zone and the Philippines have

their champions, and Germany, Holland, and Czechoslovakia are girding their loins.

Perhaps the whole story is told best in the order books of a New York firm publishing an annual boxing guide. Every European country, most of Asia, China, India, Egypt, Iceland, and other geographical pigeon-holes ordered copies of this publication this year.

There were more than 50,000,000 paid admissions to boxing contests in America last year, and more than \$10,000,000 plunked into Uncle Sam's strong box in federal revenue from fights. New York State alone recorded more than 3,000 promoters, managers, fighters, and subsidiaries licensed to ply their trade. The state's five per cent of the gate receipts totaled more than \$250,000. The present year may have a total much closer to \$500,000.

Descending to the individual, pause and ponder the case of Jack Dempsey. From humble antecedents and hard-scrabbled environment, and with scant education, this 29-year-old Coloradan has battered his way to riches and five-inch headlines with nothing but a fighting heart and two hard, hairy fists. In the past five years Dempsey has actually worked at his profession only 39 rounds, or 117 minutes—three minutes less than two hours. For this he collected a total of \$1,257,000—\$10,743.59 a minute!

Last year, for 49 minutes, he was paid \$775,000. For his crunching of Firpo his financial satisfaction was \$100,000 a minute. And, instead of shrinking, purses seem to be growing.

Rivaling Dempsey is the promoter Tex Rickard. From a weird scenario of Texas cow hand, Klondike saloon keeper, and Nevada gambling mousk, Rickard entered fight promotion in 1906 when he staged the Gans-Nelson fight out on the rim of the Nevada desert. He has since promoted more than 200 fights, without a single serious financial

loss. More than \$10,000,000 in gate receipts has passed through his hands. He has contributed more than \$2,000,000 to the government in taxes, and \$3,000,000 or so has found its way into his personal coffers.

Tex Rickard's office is as perfectly systematized as that of any bank. A clerical force of 18 persons, a lawyer, and a high-salaried publicity director are only part of his weekly pay roll. Three hundred trained ushers are in his year-round employ, together with carpenters, electricians, and caretakers.

A night of Wills-Firpo size demands 2,500 ushers and 1,000 special police. Twenty armored trucks peddle tickets from surrounding street corners. . . . Rickard always insures his open-air shows against rain. His policies for the Dempsey-Carpentier, Willard-Firpo, Firpo-Dempsey, and Firpo-Wills fights called for \$550,000 each if so much as one-tenth of an inch of rain drowned out the proceedings. Health and accident policies to the amount of \$50,000 are taken out by him on the person of each fighter. The preliminary program nicks him another \$10,000 with a possible \$2,000 for officials.

All this is pure overhead, spent before his two principals are in the ring. It is entirely apart from the \$500,000 or so he must divide between the fighters next day.

And there's one more thing to remember. It isn't "prize fighting" any more. That phrase has been dropped delicately and silently from the sporting dictionary. Every state law legitimatizing the sport carefully refers to it now as "Boxing Contest."

That means that the knockout occasionally terminating the evening's pleasure isn't part of the party at all. It's simply an unavoidable accident.

When a Man's Worth Something

Condensed from *The World's Work* (October '24)

Edward W. Bok

When the fight begins within himself
A man's worth something.

—Robert Browning.

ON every hand we find men of affairs in increasing number in the ranks of movements tending toward making life better. The man totally immersed in business, to the exclusion of any finer interests, is beginning to be marked and criticized. In other words, there is a growing comprehension that the business of life is more than business. The business man whose heart and soul are moved by nothing but material gains, is gradually, but surely, passing away. The activities of the War did much in this respect: the movements toward the upward life since the War are doing even more.

Mere possession is not counting quite so largely with some men as it did. Harry Emerson Fosdick makes the important distinction that possession is having things, while ownership depends on being the kind of person who knows how to enjoy and use things well. Said the poet to Dives, "The land is yours, but the landscape is mine." Possession is sending down town, as one woman is said to have done, for three yards of good books in brown bindings to match the furniture; ownership is saying with Fenelon, "If the crowns of all the kingdoms in Europe were laid down at my feet in exchange for my love of reading, I would spurn them all." Possession is having a morocco-bound volume of Emerson that you never look at; ownership is having Emerson, it may be from a copy in paper covers, yet a source of unending delight. Possession is having a house; ownership is creating a home. A man may possess millions, and yet own nothing. And that

is the truth that is burning itself into the minds and hearts of so many American business men; that how much a man owns depends on the height and breadth and depth of his mind and soul, and not on his bank account.

A perceptible result of this realization is that it is today true of the United States, as it is true of no other land, that the practical men of affairs are not only behind the great movements toward the finer things in life, but such movements are actually in their hands and supported by them. Art galleries and art museums are springing up all over the country, some erected by municipal funds and others by private benefactions. Libraries are being erected as never before. Business men everywhere are insisting that their cities shall support adequate libraries.

Take music—and one finds an unexampled progress in America, entirely due to the generosity of men of business. The person of limited means can hear and see opera today as it is sung or produced nowhere else in the world, and it is also true that there has been awakened an interest in operatic music that extends to the plainest farmhouse through the record of the talking machine and through radio. Who makes opera possible? A small group of practical business men who stand quietly behind the venture.

It was a Boston banker who, for years, financed Boston's wonderful symphony orchestra and brought it to such a point of perfection that it exerted a greater influence upon the musical development of this country than any other single institution. The outstanding business men of Philadelphia are supporting its symphony

orchestra, and the same is true of Chicago, Cleveland, Saint Louis, Minneapolis, Detroit, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, and other cities. Furthermore, these hard-headed men of practical affairs are personally attending the concerts. It is only a short time ago that they bought tickets, but stipulated that their wives were not to ask them to go. Now the evening concerts show an attendance of men to the extent of nearly 50 per cent.

It is the man who immerses himself exclusively in business, and so shrinks and shrivels, who has led the world to believe that he represents the American business man. But this type is rapidly disappearing, and whether the advancement of music, or painting, or sculpture, or reading, or education, or medicine attracts him, and becomes his chief interest and the object of his giving, he is becoming more and more the typical American man of affairs who is slowly, but surely, building up throughout the world not only a different reputation for himself, but also for American business generally.

Man's inner self is sometimes curiously awakened. A man in New York, possessed of millions of dollars, was known to give literally nothing. But one day a friend in charge of a campaign for a worthy object said to him: "I do not ask you to give. You have a right to your convictions about giving to charities. What I ask is that you will give me a check for \$10,000 which I can announce at the opening dinner this evening, not as a gift, but merely to justify my saying that I have it. Inferentially, of course, it will be assumed that it is a donation. This will make such an impression that I can secure thousands based upon your supposed contribution. Then, tomorrow I will return your check to you."

The man of millions hesitated, but finally yielded, and the friend asked that he come to the dinner. He did,

and saw the spectacle of more than \$250,000 subscribed on the basis of his supposed contribution. The next morning the friend returned with the check. To his surprise, the giver said: "Wouldn't take it for the world. I never realized the feeling of giving until last evening when man after man came and congratulated and thanked me. I've never had such a happy evening; never had such a night's sleep. You've opened up a new world to me." His hand today is one of the most liberal in all the city's institutions which merit support. . . . How true it is that—

We know what we are—

We know not what we may be.

The fact must not be overlooked that as our business men widen their interests, the effect will be felt in all the institutions which they indirectly or directly influence or control. When we stop and think that the foremost of our business men sit on the boards of our universities and colleges, we can begin to conjecture how far will go the influence of their broader interests.

The world never stands still: rather, it is moving rapidly. Many are those of calm and careful thinking who believe that the movement is in the right direction. When Woodrow Wilson, in his Sorbonne speech at Paris, stopped for an instant and said, "There is a wind blowing through the world," his distinguished audience burst into the greatest applause of the evening. . . . No man can kindle the imagination of people all over the world as did Woodrow Wilson at that time without leaving an impress. Hope may be deferred—but hope is eternal. It is very seldom given to the idealist to see his ideals realized. Most of us work in one generation for the benefit of the next generation. Men are unquestionably thinking outside of old ruts and grooves. Particularly in America. There unquestionably is "A wind blowing through the world."

Does Tobacco Injure the Human Body?

Condensed from *The Dearborn Independent* (October 11, '24)

Irving Fisher (see note on page 447)

TO assess values the economist must inquire not only as to what people buy, but as to what they should buy for their own best good—that is, what they would buy if they were more enlightened. There is a vast difference in the value to society of capital spent in dark-roomed tenements, unclean dairies, adulterated food, gilded saloons, bucket shops, and obscene literature, and capital invested in purifying the water supply, safeguarding milk against infection, cleaning streets, building sewers, and building schools and hospitals. . . . Fortunately, we now have sufficient information to determine the effect of tobacco on the human body.

A recent study by Dr. Albert H. Burr, on the relation of longevity to sex, is reported by him as indicating that the tobacco habit is "one of the very significant reasons why fewer men than women attain old age." The New England Life Insurance Co. published in 1911 the following data from 180,000 policyholders, covering 60 years: Where the maximum of expected deaths was 100, of tobacco abstainers only 59 died; of rare users only 71 died; of temperate users only 84 died, and of moderate users 93 died. Excessive users were not accepted by the company.

M. Abel Gy, of Paris, who made a special and very extensive research, found that tobacco gives rise to a series of functional disturbances in different organs, especially the heart. A survey of the evidence that tobacco affects the heart was made by Dr. J. H. Kellogg, superintendent of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, and the results reported in a book, entitled "Tobaccoism." All of the important

experiments were reviewed by him. He found that every authority agrees that tobacco is a heart poison. Sir William Osler cited the cases of three friends of his, apparently strong, healthy men, all of whom died suddenly, and it would seem from the effects of tobacco on the nerves of the heart.

A great authority on blood pressure, the late Dr. Janeway, of Johns-Hopkins Hospital, stated: "Tobacco has a powerful action on the circulation. Nicotine, in less than overwhelming dose, produces an immense augmentation of blood pressure in animals." Robert Lee Bates, of the Psychological Laboratory of Johns-Hopkins University, summarizes as follows the results of an investigation: "The effects on healthy adult reactors, of smoking a cigar or three cigarettes, are to produce a rise in blood pressure, and in heart rate."

Dr. Eugene L. Fisk, medical director of the Life Extension Institute, says, "My observation is that tobacco is likely to cause depression of the circulation and disturb the nervous mechanism of the heart and circulation. The following differences were shown in a group of excessive tobacco users as compared with the general group of policyholders: There were 10 per cent more cases of advanced and serious organic affections, 6 per cent more cases showing arterial changes, 15 per cent more cases showing over-rapid pulse, 15 per cent more cases showing caries of the teeth, 18 per cent more showing recession of the gums, and 27 per cent more showing pyorrhea. These unfavorable mouth conditions are very commonly noted among tobacco users, and are a matter of general observation."

The effects of tobacco upon the nervous system were investigated by L. Pierce Clark, M.D., visiting neurologist to the Randall's Island Hospitals and Schools. "Tobacco is primarily a cardio-vascular poison," he concludes. "Its chronic effect on the nervous system, as yet so inaccurately studied, appeared to induce toxic congestion of the brain, spinal cord and peripheral nerves, inducing finally in the latter a mild degenerative neuritis."

Precision of muscular motions, as demonstrated by drawing a line between two closely parallel lines or lunging at a target with a fencing foil, was shown by the Berry experiment to be definitely decreased after each smoking of a single cigar. It was also found that there was an average decrease of 12 per cent in accuracy of pitching a baseball after smoking one cigar, and a loss of 14.5 per cent after smoking two cigars.

Connie Mack, the famous baseball hero, made it a rule not to sign up baseball men who smoked. Clark Griffiths, as manager of the Washington Nationals, said that "any player who insists on smoking cigarettes is through." The fact that most conscientious athletes do not smoke when "in training" shows that they realize that tobacco is injurious. They little realize, however, how great and lasting the injury is.

Professor Pack, of the University of Utah, found that tobacco-using athletes were decidedly inferior to abstainers. Smokers were only half as successful as non-smokers in athletic honors, according to the studies made by Professor E. L. Clarke at Clark College. Muscular power begins to diminish 5 to 10 minutes after beginning of smoking, according to a study made by Professor W. P. Lombard, professor of physiology, of the University of Michigan. In an hour, when the cigar was burned, muscular power had fallen to about 25 per cent of its initial value. The total work of the time of depression,

compared with a similar normal period, was 24.2 compared with 44.8.

Nose, throat and ear affections are promoted by smoking, according to the claims of a number of clinicians.

Acid dyspepsia is common to habitual smokers. In some cases there is a destruction of the capacity to feel hunger. Anemia is often found among excessive smokers, apparently due to the disastrous results of the tobacco poison upon the digestive system.

The truth is, tobacco lowers the whole tone of the body and decreases its vital power and resistance. This is well shown by the fact that, in surgical emergencies, patients accustomed to smoking have been observed to suffer a great handicap in their chances for recovery. This is doubtless because the poisons of tobacco tax the vital resistance and require the expenditure of power by the liver, kidneys and other organs to neutralize and eliminate the poison.

Tobacco is injurious to the human body. It injures the heart, it disturbs the blood pressure, it poisons the nerves, it hurts the eyes, it lessens resistance to tuberculosis and other diseases, its use sometimes induces cancer, it reduces muscular power and accuracy, it impairs working efficiency, earning power and athletic power, it stunts the growth of the young, it probably shortens life, it probably reduces fertility.

In short, tobacco acts as a narcotic poison, like opium and like alcohol, though usually in a less degree.

No question seems to exist as to the harmful effects of the "excessive" use of tobacco. Habitual smokers will generally admit this fact. Because of individual variations, the line separating "excessive" from "moderate" is an elusive boundary, and there is always a tendency toward increasing the use; "moderate" use seldom stays moderate. From every indication, it behooves the man who wishes to keep physically fit to omit tobacco from his daily schedule.

The Worker Emancipated

Condensed from The Forum (October '24)

William Basset

MANY assume that to work day in and day out at a loom must be most revolting in its monotony. But I see in a boiler shop not a hell of noise and hot metal, in which toil the slaves of machines; but rather, the means of freeing thousands of women from the real slavery of carrying coal up countless flights of steps. I see not only the more comfortable lives that those boilers will bring; I see in the noisy but light and easy-to-handle riveting hammer a machine which saves a dozen men the back-breaking work of swinging heavy sledges. I see one man do more work with it in eight hours than the dozen would have done in a 12-hour day. I know that while the dozen would have fallen in bed an hour after the whistle blew, worn out with their efforts, the "slave" of the riveter is fit and ready for a half dozen hours of play. And this slave of a machine has more money to spend and more comforts in which to spend it than had the freeman of the hand hammers. That one picture portrays most of the ways in which machines have set men free from slavish drudgery.

I could cite hundreds of cases where machines, in displacing hand work, have resulted in less fatigue and greater earnings to the worker, increased production, and lower prices to the consumer. To the uninformed observer a rapidly moving machine may seem to demand a killing pace from its attendant, but actually it practically never does. In the first place an intelligent manufacturer knows—and the others soon find out—that a speed which fatigues the worker produces a lower output in a day than does a slower pace.

I have yet to see a machine in any industry that does not make the operation easier for the worker than when the same work was done by hand. The trouble with those who denounce machines is two-fold. The machine impresses them as sort of noisy, inhuman—an inexorable devil that would as soon eat the flesh of the worker as the metal it is fed. They do not understand the machine and they seem to feel that the worker fears it as much as does the uninformed uplifter who is doing the pitying. Second, these critics do not know how these operations were performed before the horrid machines came into being. Therefore, they cannot see that the machine attendant is either of a low grade of mentality, one who without the machine could not make a living, or is a far higher type than was the man who formerly did the work by hand.

This was strikingly but unintentionally demonstrated at a textile exhibition where, side by side, were shown in operation the old hand loom and the modern Jacquard loom. The old weaver on the hand loom is thought of as a craftsman, while the modern weaver is pitied as merely an attendant to a machine. Yet the principal difference between a hand loom and a power loom is that one used man power while the other uses mechanical power. The old time weaver was merely an inefficient power plant, and looked about as happy and inspired when he worked his hands and feet as does the plug horse in a tread mill. The Jacquard loom is a complicated—almost intelligent—piece of machinery that requires expert attention from its operator. The slaves of this machine are alert, intelligent,

and not to be told by their looks from the engineer who supervises the building of a monster bridge.

With no exceptions, that I have seen, the application of power and machines to operations that formerly were done by hand decreases the fatigue of the worker and increases his earnings. Often it improves him mentally and, by relieving him of drudgery, actually makes him more of a craftsman than he was in the days of hand work. For a great deal of hand work was not skill, but muscle; the hand worker was more a maker of power than of art.

I have asked many workers of both sexes who perform simple motions of highly repetitive and subdivided operations if the monotony were distasterful. Many missed the meaning of my question, for they could not understand how monotony could be other than pleasant. They liked the work which they could do automatically. It required no mental effort, and so left them free to think their own natural thoughts. My observation is that only about one factory worker in fifty objects to repetitive operations. In the main, workers are interested solely in earning as much money as possible. Few of them have pride in achievement, ambition to rise in authority, or willingness to assume responsibility. If a machine can be introduced to do a job better than it can be done by hand, they willingly become machine operators—provided that it means more money to them.

I want to emphasize the fact that in my wide experience with workers in many industries I have never known labor troubles to arise from the workers' objections to the monotony of repetitive work. Nine times out of ten the spontaneous dissatisfaction of workers has to do with wages.

Cynics profess to doubt whether the availability of larger quantities and new kinds of consumers' goods, made possible by machine produc-

tion, actually increases the happiness or welfare of mankind. They condemn the moving pictures as low-browed amusement, the cheap automobile as a nuisance, the talking machine as canned music, and newspapers as trash. But the fact remains that the workers find amusement and happiness in all of these things. Four or five days' labor will buy a good looking suit of machine-made clothes which a century ago would have cost two months' wages. A comfortable and serviceable pair of shoes costs but a couple of days' labor as against a week's labor before machines displaced the cobbler.

Since machinery came in it has been the fashion to depreciate present day quality and to exaggerate the quality of things handmade. Admittedly, much of the output of our machines is inferior. We see few cheaply made examples of antique handicraft, for the good reason that the shoddy products wore out long ago. But there was as much poorly made stuff then as now. A machine will join furniture better and give it a more beautiful finish than can the most painstaking craftsman. Antique furniture is clumsy, some of it rickety in construction, and the beautiful finish is far more the result of age than of craftsmanship. Antique furniture, fabrics, pottery, or armor are rarely well made, well finished, or even beautiful, according to modern standards.

The artistic ability is no longer in the operator at the machine, but in the artist's studio where the designs are drawn. A textile designer is no less an artist because he does not know how to throw a shuttle by hand. Machine-made products are often of higher artistic value than the hand-made. And machines have given well paid employment to people of low grade mentality who would in other days have lived the lives of brutes.

The Railroads on the Griddle

Condensed from *The American Mercury* (October '24)

Richard Hoadley Tingley

IT is a common saying that the railroads are subject to 49 masters—the public service commissions in each of the 48 States, and the Interstate Commerce Commission in Washington, which has complete supervision of all rates. It is really twice as bad as that—for the Legislature of each State remains a master that is independent, in many respects, of the State commission, and Congress completes the list.

The State Legislatures and commissions are continually at work passing laws regulating the operation of the railroads, often in fantastic and onerous ways. Last year the Legislatures of 43 of the 48 states were in session. In them no less than 60,000 bills affecting the conduct of business were considered, and about 14,000 of these became laws. Out of these totals 2,274 bills directly affected the railroads, and 377 of them passed and are now on the statute books. The 68th Congress, also, considered no less than 223 railroad bills, most of which are still pending. And at practically all times the State commissions and the Interstate Commerce Commission are in session. It is this regulation run riot that whitens the hair of the railroad man.

He sees a constant menace in the bills before Congress, and in the activities of the Interstate Commerce Commission—one of the most powerful bureaus ever created by a modern government. But worst of all, he is pestered by the State Legislatures, which constantly attempt to regulate matters which might better be left to the companies. Many bills are introduced which amount to downright absurdity. Legislators, and particularly country legislators, take themselves very seriously, and

why not, for is it not within their province to exercise almost unlimited power over the property, liberty and pursuit of happiness of their fellow-men? The more bills a public legislator introduces, the better pleased he is with himself. And the more his bills tend to take the control of all things out of the hands of trained men and to place it in the hands of the state, *i. e.*, of political job-holders, the more of a hit will he make with his innocent constituents.

A legislator of Nebraska has proposed a law which would prohibit the use of any railroad track curvature sharper than two degrees. Yet there are plenty of first-rate trunk lines that are operating rapidly and successfully over much sharper curves—four degrees, eight degrees, and even higher. In Arizona, California and Texas the Legislatures have sought to prohibit the use of telephones in train dispatching. Wyoming has passed a law requiring the railroads to keep their rights-of-way clear of grasshoppers, and in Illinois it is forbidden that any railroad shall engage in the insurance business.

The people of New Hampshire have adopted Eastern Standard time, and the legislators of the State now seek to forbid, under a severe penalty, any railroad company operating in the State to issue time-tables conforming with the changed standard of any adjoining State.

Probably prompted by the painters' unions, Indiana, Minnesota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania and Tennessee are trying to enact laws prohibiting the use of hand-spraying machines in painting railroad property. The Wisconsin Legislature has passed a law prescribing the

dimensions of crates in which chickens may be shipped. In Alabama sheriffs and editors are entitled to free railroad passes, but when the adjoining State of Georgia is reached, the editors must pay a fare, while the sheriffs may continue their free ride. In Arizona the police may ride free. In Arkansas legislators are entitled to free passes.

On entering Michigan from an adjoining State, the law requires that every locomotive must be equipped with automatic bell-ringers. Locomotives operating in Wisconsin must be supplied with mechanically operated stoking-door openers and grate shakers. Several States have legislation regulating the size and construction of freight-train cabooses. Seven States have measures under consideration which seek to regulate the restday and Sunday work of railway employees. Tennessee has an anti-tipping law.

I have touched only the high-spots of legislative activity. In addition I should mention the incessant efforts of legislatures to regulate the size of train crews; the place and time of train stops; car-shed management; demurrage; wages; telegraph poles, where and how placed; sanitation; signals; workman's compensation; passenger and freight runs, and the length of trains. There is and will be no let-up. Next year—every year—it will be the same thing over again.

Would any industry rejoice in having the most minute details of its business supervised and regulated by an outside agency which, nine times out of ten, has but little real knowledge of it? And there are a great many people among those in whose special interest regulation is supposed to operate who cannot understand why railroad earnings must be restricted to so small a return on the investment, while private enterprise has the sky for its limit!

There are 875,000 stockholders owning the railroads in the United

States, and they represent, with their families, close to 4,400,000 people. Railroad stocks and bonds represent about 23 per cent of the total assets of insurance companies and savings banks. A very large portion of the people's money is thus invested, directly or indirectly, in railroad securities. Yet a multiplicity of regulations and regulators has made it almost impossible for the denaturized railroad manager to make his properties earn their keep. It is regulation that has brought down railroad earnings below the limit of safety—to 3 1/4 per cent in 1921, to 4 per cent in 1922, and to 5 per cent in 1923. The railroads have not even been permitted to earn the 5 1/4 per cent prescribed (but not guaranteed) by the Transportation Act of 1920.

Have the gains in freight rate reductions been enough to justify half bankrupting the railroads? Let us see. Assume that we eat a dinner in a Chicago restaurant, consisting of a nice steak, bread and butter, green peas, salmon, strawberries, and coffee, for which we pay \$1.25. This dinner has been brought by the railroads from various and distant points, and for doing it they have received 1.2 cents. If rates on all things we have eaten were cut in half, we'd save exactly six-tenths of a cent!

The freight on a pound of ham from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to New York is a little less than three-quarters of a cent. On oatmeal, potatoes, eggs, sugar, and some 25 other common articles of diet the railroads seldom collect more than a cent a pound. They carry a suit of clothes 300 miles for six cents, and a pair of shoes for five cents. Cut these charges down 25 per cent, or even 50 per cent, and it would certainly not go far toward reducing the cost of living. But even a much smaller cut would spell utter ruin for the roads themselves.

Drug Smuggling From Canada

Condensed from Current History (October '24)

William J. McNulty

OF all the enormous quantities of drugs smuggled annually into the United States, 75 per cent is transported across the border from Canada. Most of the important drug trafficking groups have established receiving stations in at least one of the Canadian ports. Very often the station is in the guise of a clothing factory, of the sweat shop category; or, perchance, it is outwardly a motion picture film exchange; or, again, the headquarters may be maintained in a flat leased by one of the gangs. The drug carriers on the steamers are usually camouflaged as seamen, stokers, porters and the like, if males. If females, they are usually passengers. There have been as many as ten carriers for one gang on one steamer arriving at the port of St. John; each of these carriers wore a body belt filled with cocaine; secret pockets in their clothing also contained cocaine. This shipment alone was disposed of at a profit of \$50,000 to the gang. Furthermore, there are very few steamers arriving at any Atlantic port in Canada on which there is not at least one drug carrier.

Some of the gangs have chartered large schooners for single trips and for stipulated periods when smuggling in bulk. The drugs are concealed in the cargo of coal, salt, etc., and safely landed in Canada. Not long ago a four-masted schooner, which appeared to be fully laden with coal, was found to have packages of cocaine and morphine hidden in the coal valued at \$250,000.

In the past drug smugglers have been recognized as maintaining, by virtue of an unwritten law in the underworld, an exclusive control over drug smuggling. Now, however, a

new element, attracted by the immense profits, has been injected into the traffic. This element comprises the liquor smuggling gangs. The motor cars and trucks of the liquor smuggling syndicates now carry liquor and drugs on the same expeditions. Drug smuggling is more profitable; moreover the narcotics are less bulky and easier to handle.

That men identified with political organizations and having influence with the "powers that be" are interested in many of the gangs devoted to drug smuggling is generally known. It is established that one of the most powerful of the gangs expends \$50,000 annually for "protection." This "protection" is guaranteed on both sides of the international line. Dave Stone, who was known by many aliases, boasted that he could not be held in prison because of his "drag with the higher ups." As a proof he cited the fact that although he had been sentenced to as many as 12 years in prison, he had never served more than six months continuously.

There is no section of the international border boundary regarded as hazardous by the smuggler of narcotics; the section recognized by all as the safest, however, is that extending from the Atlantic westward as far as Rouse's Point. The customs officers are so few that they scarcely attempt to intercept the speeding motor cars which flash by under cover of darkness. The officials realize that murder means very little to the men in these cars. All the smugglers are heavily armed; besides firearms, they carry black-jacks, and even red pepper. Scores of customs officers have been assaulted and some will never recover. Two have died from injuries.

It is difficult for customs officers to detect drug carriers on the trains, but much could be accomplished by maintaining a secret intelligence staff. Secret agents could obtain descriptions of the carriers on the trains. Despite the increase in the number of addicts and the veritable avalanche of narcotics, no tangible attempt to combat the traffic has been made either by the American or the Canadian authorities. The League of Nations has pointed out repeatedly that fleets of sailing vessels and steam craft have been landing drug cargoes in Canada, but has confessed its inability to cope with the evil.

There is one gang operating through Canadian ports which specializes in supplying physicians with narcotics. Physicians in hundreds of cities and towns in the United States are on the lists of this group. One of the leaders in the gang has disclosed in confidence that the number of physicians buying drugs is growing yearly to an alarming extent. Sales are now being made even in small towns and villages in more than 25 states and 11 Provinces. Unscrupulous physicians are blamed for the spread of the drug habit in the small centres.

One group consists of 12 operators under the name of a wholesale drug company in New York City and has ramifications extending to the Pacific Coast. In many cities the drug peddlers are in league with the heads of the police departments. In the Canadian cities where the gangs maintain their headquarters, detectives and chiefs of police have fraternized with the traffickers. Peddlers of drugs escape with fines of \$200. More narcotics are now being sold in one week in Canada than in an entire year before 1920. Sporadic arrests are made, but there is no sustained effort to suppress drug peddling and smuggling. In some centres the drug gangs pay fines of \$200 every four months.

The organizer of one of the drug gangs in Canada has made \$200,000

in the past four years. He is interested in a chain of drug stores in the Eastern States. With no investment whatever, a New York politician has profited to the extent of \$100,000 from his gang in three years, the payments being for "protection." A Chicago drug gang cleared \$150,000 in the first 12 months of operation. Another gang which sells chiefly in New England realized \$200,000 in one year, this profit being divided between four men. At least 1,000 per cent profit is made on each shipment. In fact, wealthy addicts will pay whatever prices are demanded.

One of the "dope" cliques has a seaplane which makes regular trips from points along the Bay of Fundy to points along the New England coast. Outwardly, the plane is a pleasure machine.

Despite the huge increases yearly in the quantities of cocaine, morphine and opium smuggled into the United States, the demand is greater than the supply; the drug gangs are now planning increased activities.

In some instances captains, first officers, second officers and chief engineers of ocean steamers serve as carriers of the drugs. One of the gangs is supplied by two captains and two first officers. At least ten freight steamers were taken over by the narcotic smugglers during 1924. The cargoes carried are merely side lines, but form an excellent means of shielding the real mission of the steamers from the eye of the law.

This, then, is the drug smuggling situation on the "most perfect international border in the world." Governmental indifference on the part of both Canada and the United States and also lax legislation and inadequate means of enforcing such laws as are already on the statute books, are responsible for the present condition. Prompt and effective official action is imperative if the peoples of North America are to be protected from the ever-increasing menace of drug slavery.

Five Roads to the White House

Condensed from *Woman's Home Companion* (October '24)

Richard J. Walsh

WE do not elect our President by direct popular vote. When you go into the booth, you mark your ballot for a list of people to represent your State in the Electoral College. There are as many of them as there are members of Congress from your State, which means that your State has as many votes for President as it has representatives in the House and Senate. Bryce says:

The framers of the Constitution committed the election of the President to a College of Electors specially elected for this sole purpose, men who, possessed of wisdom and experience, and animated by pure patriotism, would be likely to select the citizen whom their impartial judgment preferred. Boards of this type were twice elected, and on both occasions chose George Washington, who was the obvious person. But the third College was elected (in 1796) largely, and the fourth (1800) wholly, on party lines, and, being expected to choose a party leader, acted in a partisan spirit. Their example has been followed ever since, and what was to have been a council of impartial sages has consisted of nonentities, a mere cog-wheel in the machinery of election, recording mechanically the wishes of the people.

Sometimes, however, not even the wishes of the people are carried out. The Electoral College, clumsy and dunder-headed as it is, serves as a means to defeat the majority of the people.

For the candidate who gets the greatest popular vote may fail to get a majority of the Electoral College. He may carry many States by tremendous majorities and lose by a narrow margin in a few of the big States, such as New York and Ohio, which have more members in the College. So it happened in 1876, when Samuel J. Tilden got 250,000 more votes from the people than Rutherford B. Hayes, but Hayes got one more electoral vote and be-

came President. In 1888 Grover Cleveland had 100,000 more votes than Benjamin Harrison, but Harrison was elected in the College by a majority of 233 to 168.

When there is a third party strong enough to carry several States, such as we may have this year, the likelihood is that no candidate will have a majority. Then we have to choose our President and Vice-President by one of five methods (not counting the way in which Coolidge got in, by succeeding a President who dies or resigns):

1. The usual way is by winning a majority in the Electoral College.
2. The Electoral College may elect a President of its own choosing, regardless of the popular vote. This is still legal, although it has never been tried since the time of Washington.

3. If the Electoral College fails to elect, the House of Representatives may do so. This has occurred twice: in 1800, when Jefferson was chosen over Aaron Burr; and in 1824, when John Quincy Adams was elected over Andrew Jackson. The present House is so divided between the parties that it would almost certainly get into a deadlock and elect no one.

4. If the House fails to elect, the Vice-President, who will have been elected by the Senate, becomes President. This is the most likely outcome of the present situation, although it has never happened before.

5. If both Senate and House fail to elect before March 4, the Secretary of State becomes President.

In making up their slates for members of the Electoral College, politicians have this year done their best to find safe men and women, who can be depended upon not to use their own heads. They do not

want electors who might slip off the party collar and decide to choose their own President. Such action would be difficult, however, because the College does not meet as a whole. The electors in each State meet in their home State. All meetings are held the same day, and the results of each State vote are sent to the president of the Senate at Washington. Any plot to depart from precedent would have to be arranged very carefully in advance.

And so the election, if there is no majority, will be thrown into the House. The House in electing the President must vote by States, not by individual members. New York with its 43 representatives has no more power than Nevada with its one member. To be elected, a candidate must have the vote of at least 25 of the 48 State groups. Neither the Republicans nor the Democrats can scrape together a majority of the States. And a compromise candidate would be impossible, because the Constitution restricts the choice in the House to "the three candidates having the highest votes in the Electoral College." These three will of course be Coolidge, Davis, and La Follette.

The House, therefore, might stay deadlocked until adjournment on March fourth. Meanwhile the Vice-President would be elected by the Senate. For if the Electoral College had failed to give a majority to any candidate for President, it would probably have failed also to elect a Vice-President. In such a case the Constitution puts it up to the Senate. Here the voting must be done by individual Senators. A majority of the 96, or 49, is necessary. And the Constitution says that the Senate shall choose between the *two* leading candidates, not between the three leaders as in the House. Again, however, neither the Republicans nor the Democrats can be sure of a majority. The balance of power in the Senate also rests with La Follette. Hence, we should see La Follette in the curious position of being unable to put in his own candidate, but en-

tirely able to determine whether Dawes or Bryan should be President.

Just one thing could prevent an election in the Senate. That would be a decision by enough Senators to absent themselves or refrain from voting, to keep either candidate from getting 49 votes. The Constitution requires that the Vice-President be elected by a majority, not of the senators *present and voting*, but of the *whole number* of 96. If it should come to that, the rule of succession set up by Act of Congress in 1886 would have to be invoked. The Secretary of State would become President — Charles E. Hughes. Some authorities question this, and believe that the succession act covers only cases of death or disability and does not cover the failure to elect.

In this long line of absurdities, the greatest absurdity of all is that this electing, if it becomes necessary, will be done by a lame-duck Congress. The President who will lead this nation for the next four years would be chosen not by the Congress elected this year, but by the expiring Congress, elected two years ago. Scores of men who have lost the confidence of their constituents and who will be repudiated at the polls in November, would help to decide who shall supply the leadership for an administration in which they themselves will have no part. For the newly elected Congress will not take hold until March fourth.

The most significant effect of the election, therefore, may very well be that it may stir up a strong movement for:

1. The abolition of the Electoral College and the election of the President and Vice-President by direct popular vote.
2. A new election system to take care of a situation in which no candidate has a majority, by such a method as a second ballot, or by proportional representation.
3. Provision that the newly elected Congress shall meet and replace the old one soon after election, instead of waiting until the following March.

The Kaiser Comes

Condensed from *The Living Age* (September 20, '24)

Fritz von Unruh

Fritz von Unruh, who as a German cavalry officer led his Uhlan's through Belgium into France, is more famous as a dramatist. He is also the author of two war books. His war diary, from which this article is an excerpt, is to be published in full this fall.

OCTOBER 1, 1914.—From somewhere ahead of me comes the sound of bursting shells. Now several linden trees nearby are shattered. Crash after crash follows as a full hit is made in the village. A tall column of earth is thrown up after every shellburst. Automobiles whirl by. Airplane messages: "Two new strong defensive positions of the Frenchmen have been discovered." To my right dead Frenchmen are lying in the trenches. Some men are shoveling dirt in over them.

The Staff has halted under the apple trees. We receive word of a hole in the road ahead—a three and a half metre ladder does not reach its bottom. Odors of dissolution and decay fill the air. A German plane comes humming back from patrol duty. It lands in a field. The sun gleams on its wings. The Staff rises. The General walks back and forth. The gold on his shoulder straps glitters. Some artillerymen are pulling seven dead horses over a meadow to a big hole. It is cold. We have been in the field two months.

Some of the officers talk about autumn and hunting. Each one tries to avoid the thought of a winter campaign. Reality will bring that all too soon! Some artillery moves through the street. The General says: "This time you shoot well!" "Good fun, good fun," returns the commander, laughing. The guns roll forward over the dead into a new position. The crash of the shells comes nearer. The Staff changes

position. A storm of artillery fire breaks over the living and the dead.

A direct hit sends a chimney flying. Everybody dashes to the other side. "Have some champagne," says the General. Prince Lichnowsky sends for some extra dry that he has brought in his motor-car.

A telegram! The General: "His Majesty will be here in half an hour to inspect the artillery." The Kaiser is coming! It runs through us all like a fever. The General turns to a major of gendarmes: "Take care that the streets are well policed." The telephones are humming orders.

The dead are hustled out of the way. "The Kaiser, the Kaiser!" That stirs everyone to activity. I have to go through a little shattered house. In a small vestibule are some closets and wardrobes, their contents pulled out. I open the first door. On the mattress of a wide bed that occupies almost all of the little room lies a French corporal with his legs sprawling in his own blood. The upper part of his body is gashed and torn. He is clutching at the bed with both arms. Shadows fall cold and motionless on the blood-sprinkled carpet. In the room behind, an officer lies on an iron cot. His legs and the lower part of his body are naked, the left calf is blown away. He too is covered with blood. There is a mysterious silence in his glassy eyes. Both are like wax figures; but the blood is real.

Outside the burial party is hard at work. Through the window I see a dead horse, dragged past behind a staggering horse. An officer comes past. "Awful business, this war!" A field kitchen stands in front of the door. Vegetables are being thrown into the kettle. Two

women hobble past a heap of dead. One, small as a dwarf, propped up on two crutches, calls to a third and points toward one of her mutilated countrymen, making signs. Soldiers are looking for knapsacks and side arms.

"Italy is sending six army corps against France."

"What is this I hear? America has declared war on England and Japan? Verdun has fallen."

"Forty-one English cruisers are sunk!"

"Nothing but rumors," says somebody.

The square is emptied. Only the dead remain. The shells burst among them. Where a little while ago whole piles of dead men lay nothing is left but dismembered limbs and fragments. The priest gathers them up and they are loaded on the carts.

A ditch six to ten yards long yawns between the pear trees. On the ground lie 28 French dead in a row. A little man who sweats and wipes his forehead is forcing down the arms and legs. Carts are trundled up to the edge of the pit and tilted. The bodies roll down the slope bumping against their dead comrades. The peasants sprinkle sand over them. Once more a new layer is rolled into oblivion. (As I write these words a little beetle crawls across my paper. I snap it aside—it is dead. O almighty sphinx! Had it not also life and breath?)

I peer through the gateway into a completely shattered courtyard. Prince L— goes past. He is joking with a transport officer. I climb over the debris into the house. The tiles have poured down on to the floor in a heap. A bristling little cat cowers above. Just then, under one of the beams, I see a head—a woman! Beneath a tangled flood of dark hair a waxlike face. The body is buried in the rubbish. Something grips me. I want to go—I cannot. I shut my eyes convulsively. "You too, you too!" Fear lest she open her lips grips

suddenly at my heart. Between the blue lips I see her glassy white teeth. I swoon.

Voices—"The Kaiser will be here at once!"—arouse me. I see my face reflected in a windowpane. White as a ghost! Through the holes the shells have made I look out into the garden. To whom did it once belong?

I stumble over a dead man. Horses are cropping the clover close to his feet. Eleven Frenchmen still lie in the flower beds. Somebody is showing the priest a wedding-ring still on the earth-blackened fingers of a corpse.

A new cart with more bodies hurries past. The peasants make signs that the grave is full. Far away we hear shouts of "Hurrah! Hurrah!" "Shove them down, ram them in!" roars the sergeant. Ten soldiers shove in what is left of the bodies, level them off, and with their big boots stamp them like grass seed into the ground.

A motor-car whirls by. All cheer it. Three more follow. In the last is the bodyguard. The General helps the Kaiser out of the car and kisses the hands of the Supreme War Lord. The monarch bends over the maps while the troop positions are being explained. A woman's corpse is smuggled past in a wheelbarrow. Plenty of room in it for her legless trunk. The priest and the peasants accompany it. At every step the head nods. The hair streams back in the mud of the street. The head keeps nodding—ah, that woman's head!

The Kaiser looks up. "Oh, here is the Grand Duke!" They kiss. "Lord Grey is in Rome!"

"In Rome?" says the Grand Duke. "If Italy begins operations against us, the thing will be serious!" The Kaiser laughs and starts down the street with the General.

"Will he believe nothing but good news?" asks the Grand Duke. "His Majesty," the officer replies, "sees the situation in an optimistic light."

EDWARD W. BOK (pp. 387, 433) came to the United States from Holland at the age of six. His career is familiar to the many who have read his popular book, "The Americanization of Edward Bok." At the age of 19 he was editing the "Brooklyn Magazine." He conducted the Bok Syndicate Press for five years, and in 1889 became the editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*. Since he retired from business in 1919 he has written frequently for periodicals.

SAMUEL TAYLOR MOORE (p. 395), formerly of the Publicity Department of the American Legion, has written extensively on aviation and other subjects in which veterans are particularly interested. During the war Mr. Moore was an officer in the Balloon Corps.

I. L. KANDEL (p. 397) is connected with the International Institute of Teachers' College. He is also the editor of the volume "Twenty-five Years of American Education," published by Macmillan Co.

EDWARD L. THORNDIKE (p. 399) is one of the country's greatest psychologists. He became famous for the intelligence tests used in the army and navy, now used in most of the public schools and universities throughout the country. He is the author of a score of books on psychology and education.

MAJOR ROBERT W. IMBRIE (p. 407) met a tragic death in July at the hands of an unprovoked mob in Teheran, the capital city of Persia, where he was the American vice-consul. His death is a great loss to the Foreign Service of the United States. He was an American gentleman — honorable, considerate, and brave. He served his country gallantly on the field of battle and in important diplomatic missions. His article "Crossing Asia Minor," formed the basis of a lecture before the National Geographic Society in January, 1924, and was probably his last literary product. It is a significant fact that he here emphasizes the courtesy and hospitality of the people among whom he traveled, indicating a sympathy and an understanding of their philosophy, their customs, and their prejudices.

HENRY ADAMS BELLOWS (p. 413) is a New Englander by birth and education, and a northwesterner by adoption. He now lives in Minneapolis, where he is editor of the "Northwestern Miller," and the musical critic of the Minneapolis "Tribune." Dr. Bellows' interests and accomplishments are many and varied. He has written about the northwest, about music, about literature, and also a technical treatise on riot duty for the National Guard. He is the author of many poems; and to him must be credited one of the finest translations ever made into English form from the Norse: "The Poetic Edda," recently published by the American-Scandinavian Foundation.

T. A. JAGGAR (p. 415) is the official volcanologist in charge of the United States Volcano Observatory in Hawaii, and he has conducted expeditions to all the important volcanoes of the world, contributing his reports to the United States Geological Survey and to many scientific journals.

PAUL HARRISON (p. 423) has recently gone back to Arabia to resume his medical missionary work begun 12 or 13 years ago. His article, "There Is No God but God," will be included in "The Arab at Home," one of the season's books shortly to appear.

ORVILLE A. WELSH (p. 425) is a member of the staff of the New York "World."

P. W. WILSON (p. 429) has had long experience on both sides of the Atlantic which has given him a bird's-eye view of British and American life possessed by few other men.

IRVING FISHER (p. 435), Professor of Political Economy, Yale University, is perhaps the best-known economist in the country. His work, "Stabilizing the Dollar," marks a great advance in economic thought. He has also served the National Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, and the American Association for the Study and Prevention of Infant Mortality. Among the many books he has written are "The Purchasing Power of Money," and "Why Is the Dollar Shrinking?"

WILLIAM BASSET (p. 437) has had 20 years of practice as an industrial engineer and accountant. During this long period he has had a rare opportunity to study the operating methods of over two thousand American manufacturing concerns in practically every branch of industry.

RICHARD H. TINGLEY (p. 439) was trained as a civil engineer and was in practice in Providence, R. I., and New York for many years. Since 1912 he has devoted himself to writing.

WILLIAM J. McNULTY (p. 441) is an American newspaper correspondent, editor and publisher, a resident of Eastern Canada with an intimate knowledge of the drug smuggling industry over the Canadian line.

AN ADVANCE CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION

"During the many years I have known Mrs. Charles May, rarely has she done a pleasanter thing for me than when she sent me a subscription to The Reader's Digest. It is a wonderful little magazine and Mr. Krumbhaar and I are delighted with it. We have told many friends about it and I am now writing to ask if you have any cards by which a person may be notified that the magazine is to go to them for Christmas, as there are two or three people to whom I would like to give it. I am enclosing a check for two subscriptions to be sent beginning October issue to . . .

"These are both Christmas presents but I would like them to begin at once."—Mrs. Louis Krumbhaar, Larke Stoke, Cazenovia, N. Y.

IMPROVES THE MIND AND DISPOSITION

"Pardon me for knocking on your door again this week, but the fact is whenever I tell my friends of the merits of The Reader's Digest, I can not get away without an urgent request to have you enter their subscriptions. I do not see any relief for you unless you print more copies; for while my friends at the foot of Pikes Peak differ religiously and politically, they agree with me that The Reader's Digest is the best yet and are chagrined that I have not told them about it before now. You see, I not only believe in a Greater Colorado but a Greater United States; that's why I am urging my friends to improve their minds and dispositions by reading The Reader's Digest."—A. W. Luce, Field Manager, Greater Colorado Incorporated, 31 So. Nevada Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.

THE ONLY SECOND-CLASS MAIL HE WANTED

"A friend in Gowrie wrote to me a few days ago and said, 'What shall I do with all the second-class mail that has come to your address here since you moved?' I answered him, 'All that I am anxious about is that you forward The Reader's Digest to me.' It is the finest and best magazine for young and old alike."—Rev. Wm. Turnwall, Forest City, Iowa.

TYPICAL OF MANY LETTERS

"A friend loaned me a few copies of The Reader's Digest, among them being the first number published. The articles in even the earliest numbers seem to be up-to-date and deal with topics of the present day; for this reason I should like to know if it would be possible to secure all the back numbers?"—Miss Sara G. Smith, 10th floor, Standard Life Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.